THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1725

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

FEB. 11, 1933

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THE SPHERE

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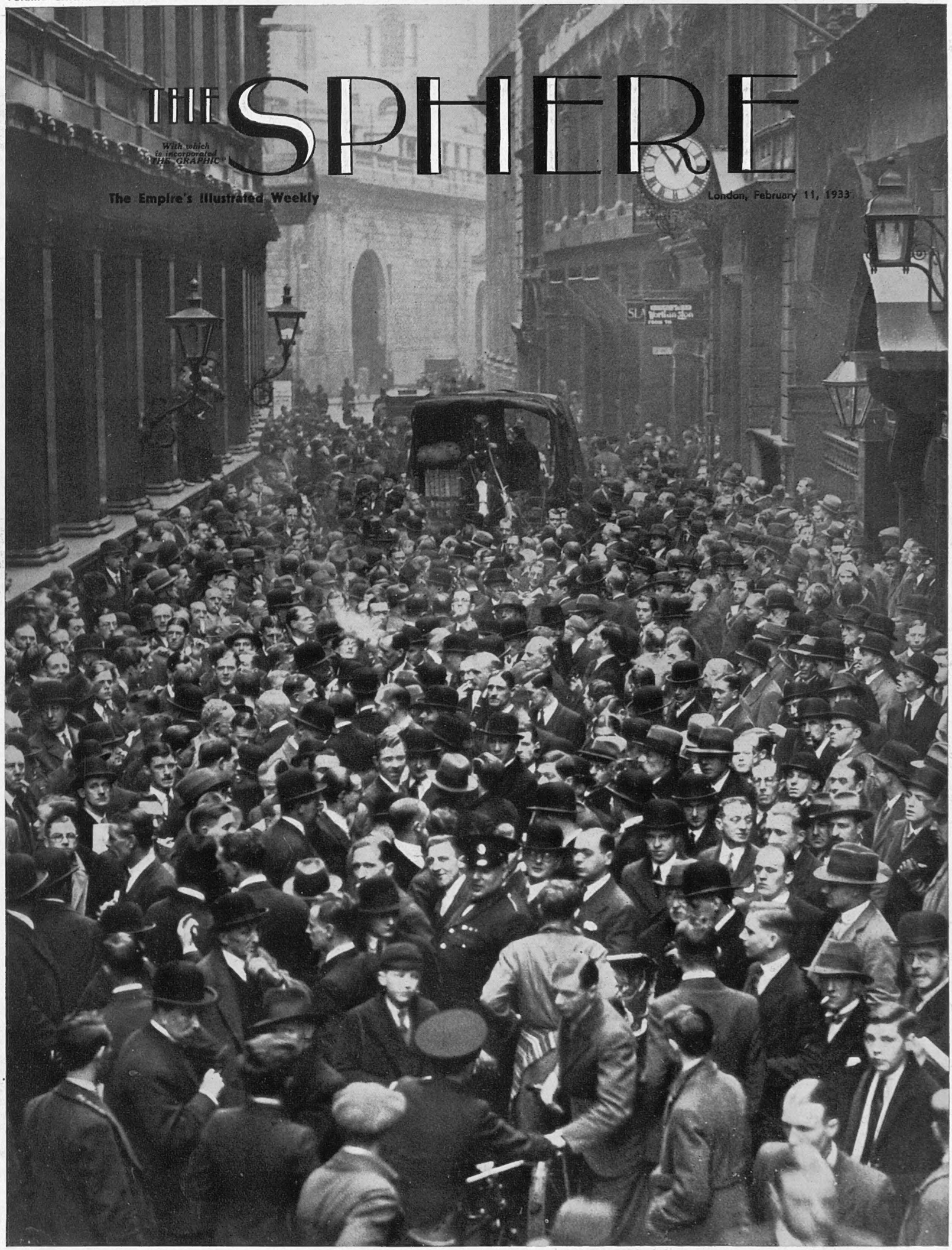
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 11, 1933



THE GOLD BOOM IN LONDON

South African Gold Shares Soar to New Levels and Brokers Block Throgmorton Street

The financial situation created by General Hertzog's decision that South Africa should depart from the gold standard has led to a new world boom in gold mining shares which the experts consider will bring renewed prosperity to a much harassed South Africa and further develop the great mining reef of the Witwatersrand. London has been a particularly active buyer in the Kaffir market during the past week, and as our picture shows there has been outstanding activity even after the Stock Exchange's normal closing hours. Throgmorton Street has been thronged with active buyers, and brokerage houses have been compelled to work overtime in keeping pace with the volume of business. Already stretches of reef in the Transvaal, which an uneconomic cost of production prevented from development, are in course of being opened up, and it is confidently anticipated that the working of low grade ores will bring increased profits both to mine owners and investors. It is many years since such excitement and activity have prevailed in the mining markets, and, provided the sterling exchange is stabilized somewhere around its present level in relation to dollars, it seems certain that the boom will be justified and none will be the loser for his or her speculations

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

BATTLING WITH THE GALE: Mountainous seas were running in the Channel last week when a 60-mile-an-hour gale delayed most of the incoming steamers. *Above—The Prince Leopold*, of the Ostend–Dover service, making her way into Dover in a heavy sea

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 8, 1933.

ON THE THRESHOLD?—Henry Ford does not turn out his phrases as he turns out his cars. He selects, assembles, and weighs his words with great care. And he found the *mot juste* when he described the future of civilization as "inconceivably bright." If he had said "very" or "wonderfully" bright, the phrase would have been open to objection. None (not even the incurable pessimist) can quarrel with "inconceivably." For it is a Delphic qualification. It may be that the era of machinery is only now to begin; it may be that the perfection of machinery is the greatest benefactor of employment, positively breeds new industries, and leads to ease and prosperity for all. I do not know if or when this happy issue will come about. But that our future is inconceivably bright I cannot deny. We stand on this threshold and look through a glass, darkly, and we must take on trust the radiance of the dawn. It may be we shall never see it, that it is reserved for our children's children. For look where we will, on the old world and the new, we see the nations everywhere sitting still in darkness, held down by the fetters of the War and the chains of the peace. No one has of late raised his voice to speak of a millennium; now and again an optimist has whispered the hope of a slow and very gradual extrication from Purgatory. And when suddenly Mr. Ford caught the first gleam in the brightening east and cried the good news from the housetop, we were inclined to suspect a hoax.

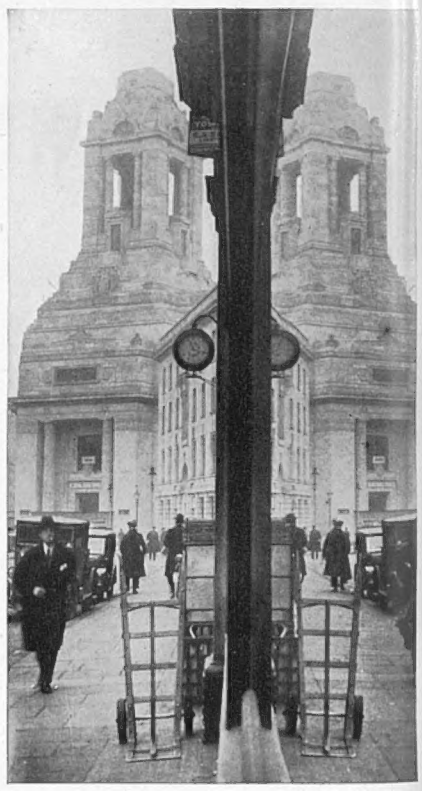
. . . .

But Mr. Ford is not that sort of person, and therefore we are thrown back on the only alternative, to recall to mind the nursery maxim that the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn. Therein lies hope or the substance for faith. For the hour never was darker than in the past week. No journalist who cares for his reputation dare make forecasts of the issue of last week's events. Political notes of interrogation are scrawled across France, Germany, Japan, China, Ireland, South Africa, and half South America. Economic queries criss-cross these countries and the rest of the nations of civilization. The chances of debt settlement are locked in the breasts of two or three men (at the moment of writing). Revival in trade and relief from taxation are new-year hopes now suffering the time-honoured and seasonable slump. I do myself believe that Mr. Ford chose the psychological moment to cry out. For I have come to believe that that nursery maxim does indeed apply to our post-War chaos, and that nothing short of the crumbling edge of the crater can bring civilization to realization and a change of heart. In the words of John Inglesant, I express the blind hope to my children that "we may one day stand together in a brighter dawn." As a journalist who is not quite reckless of his reputation, I utterly refuse to comment in detail on, or forecast the results of, the many and important political events of the past few days in the international field. One might as well nap the first three in the Grand National.

SIXPENCE OFF?—The Chancellor was right to discourage optimism concerning a reduction of income-tax in April. What he said was wisely colourless. That he wants to take 6d. off (as a gesture of goodwill, since it is probably not enough to influence an increase in wise spending) no one doubts. But even 6d. on the income-tax represents an alarmingly important item in national revenue and the harvest of income-tax and surtax for this last quarter is still unsure and to date discouraging. By this time last year we had handed in £53,000,000 more from these sources than we have done this year. A shrinkage was anticipated and budgeted for. Unfortunately the shrinkage is 25 per cent. higher than the Chancellor anticipated. It doesn't quite follow that this percentage will be maintained or increased. The collector's "whip" is poised but has not yet fallen on our flanks. But I am not personally optimistic that the Chancellor's estimate of shrinkage will prove on the right side. If the 6d. comes off, it will not, I think, be due to the fact that income-tax estimates "worked out." Any reduction in our burden must, I fear, be a gesture of courage and faith such as Sir R. Horne advocates. For we must never forget that this item of revenue always lags one year behind better times and hits the Exchequer just as conversely it hits the taxpayer.

TWO SILLY TAXES.—Each year in the weeks preceding the Budget the public resolves itself into an advisory committee and ventilates its recommendations to the Chancellor in the Press. And last year it pressed on him with particular force the advisability of removing two vexatious, unprofitable, short-sighted and antiquated burdens—the man-servant tax and the armorial bearings tax. It is to be hoped that public opinion concerning these taxes has had time to sink in. The man-servant tax is chiefly objectionable to-day because it is a genuine deterrent to the employment of males, and because its precise definition is still ambiguous to the general public and it is consequently often evaded through ignorance. As for the tax on armorial bearings or crests on vehicles and plate, it is an antiquated anomaly which is evaded in quite 50 per cent. of the cases to which it applies. I do not suppose that 20 per cent. of the citizens liable to pay the tax in respect of crests on a few spoons in their possession and in use, pay the tax, while crests on vehicles went out of fashion with carriages. Last year while 2,000,000 licences for dogs were taken out, there were only 40,000 licences in respect of armorial bearings. Life is to-day so grossly complicated by forms and penalties that the clearest-headed may be excused if he break the law, and every effort should be made to simplify taxation and to cut out burdens that are more vexatious than profitable.

THOUGHTS ON MELODRAMA.—It is healthy to come away from a play with one's cheeks stiff, brows aching, and throat dry from continuous laughing. It is my great misfortune that laughing does not come easily to me. It hurts, and is therefore an expensive luxury. *The Streets of London*, which is making London laugh as once its original made London weep and thrill and hiss, gave me this expensive luxury. Sam Livesey and Harold Warrender are great comedians, and Alexander Field and others in the cast have faces to launch a thousand laughs, and so have the Aspidistras. I suppose I stand mid way between Victorian and post-War mentality. I saw in my youth the last of the melodramas which were played in serious and thick grease paints, and I remember that, as a rising young cynic, I laughed where I should have wept or hissed. At the Ambassadors the other night, of course, every generation laughed. What I wondered was this: Did our fathers indeed take the original melodramas at their grease-painted face-values, or was there always a convention which bound the audience to respond with precisely the same degree of emotional seriousness as the actors showed? I wondered also, as I listened to the subdued giggles of the Bright Young Thing on my right, what were her reflections? Did she suppose that this was a more or less accurate picture of the manner of life and thought of her incredible ancestors (1850–70)? Or did she (on the threshold of a new reaction) condemn the laughing old folk in the audience for their disloyalty and treachery to ideals which to her appeared at any rate nobler and more substantial than the aimless and futile



FREEMASONRY IN 1933: The present year being one of exceptional interest in Masonic history, in that it will see the completion of the Masonic Peace Memorial in Great Queen Street, we have ventured to give to our readers some account of Freemasonry both in this country and abroad. A special feature devoted to this subject will be found elsewhere in this issue. *Above:* The new Masonic Peace Memorial which is to be opened in July by the Duke of Connaught. The architects are Mr. H. V. Ashley, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. Winton Newman, F.R.I.B.A.

disbelief and disillusion of the post-War age from which she is struggling to disentangle herself? In a word, I wondered if her grandfather and her daughter will one day be judged to have seen eye to eye in regard to the purpose of life and the function of art.

ELIZABETHAN.—If you look at the portraits of our Elizabethan ancestors, you realize that in point of time the Elizabethan is but a little space removed from the Victorian. Rearrange the hairs on their heads and the Elizabethans are but the brothers of their living descendants. Nothing can kill the force of heredity. The revolutions of thought, the marvels of science, are brushed aside by Nature as mere toadstools in the path of a steam-roller. The Cecil face is unmistakable through the ages; Philip Sidney is but a golden boy of 1933 in fancy dress, and so with the Howards and the rest of them. Not their faces only, but their minds and natures are totally unchanged. Our mode of speech, our *expressed* manner of thought, are nothing but fancy dress. We reason as we always reasoned, our fears and frailties of character are no whit modified or improved. Still, as of old, we are weak vessels with a percentage of gold in our composition. In a word, all these period art shows are nothing but fashion shows; they are not (it is an obvious truism which no one realizes) raree shows of dead civilizations, they are merely paragraphs in a single chapter. Accepting that fact, one may gape at the differences which distinguish the centuries, and envy the freshness, the cleanness, the inspiration of the Elizabethan age, when a new language, a new hope, and a new ideal were laid out ready for the children to begin their day's play with. And gloriously and with matchless simplicity they accomplished their easy task. Sixteenth century Europe could accomplish every art incomparably. Elizabethan Englishmen could do everything, except perhaps paint.

"SECURING THE SUCCESSION."—Lord Ponsonby's sketch of Queen Victoria, in Duckworth's *Great Lives* Series, is excellent reading, a bargain at 2s. net. But that by the way. The opening sentence of his first chapter held my attention, reminding me of a very remarkable phenomenon, remarkable but by no means unique. "George III. had no less than fifteen children; nine were sons, of whom only two died young. This would seem to have made the succession to the throne very safe. Yet Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., was, while she lived, his only legitimate grandchild and therefore direct heir to the British Crown." Of those seven sons not one could produce legitimate (in the sense of the Royal Marriages Act) male issue, though several of them married "legitimately" after Princess Charlotte's death. From a family of nine sons, one legitimate female offspring survived to carry on the race. It is a remarkable failure of what for years must have seemed an impregnable succession, and yet the pages of the peerage will show parallels even in modern times. In the reign of Anne and earlier the crudity of medical science made such instances common, but Queen Victoria's 100–1 chance is the best example of the uncertainty of "assured" successions in more enlightened times.

A LEATHER NOTE-BOOK.—All discoveries of buried treasure thrill the popular imagination. You may unearth a crock of Elizabethan coins in your garden path, or find traces in a cornfield of a Roman villa, find new light on history laid away in an attic of an old house, clean a bad picture, and discover a lost Titian below its skin, or pick up a priceless jade sculpture for the price of an old stone to prop your door open. All these things have been done, and the thrill varies according to your taste. Thus the Thurloe papers were found in Lincoln's Inn, thus a dozen famous pictures have been retrieved in our day, thus the painted chamber at Oxford was revealed, thus new light on Pepys and several other famous characters have been unearthed after long time. Mine is a literary taste, and nothing thrills me more than the discovery of fresh evidence concerning our literary bigwigs. I always dream that one day some library or Manor House will reveal a new view of Shakespeare. It is not impossible. Meanwhile I read with pleasure and hope that a stout leather note-book has been discovered in the Rylands Library at Manchester. It contains Mrs. Thrale's diary of her foreign tour with Dr. Johnson in 1775, and it is apparently new matter. There may be something of special interest in it; Johnson's own account of the tour we already have. The last discovery of new Johnson matter was made by Lord Lansdowne at Bowood a year or two back.

ANOTHER T–ST M–TCH.—Do you remember your shock-headed Peter? And great Agrippa? There were a lot of nasty boys making a mock of a certain blackamoor. And great Agrippa came out and said:

"Boys, leave the blackamoor alone,
For if he try with all his might
He cannot change from black to white."

The boys went on throwing muck at the blackamoor and jeering at him for his fade-proof complexion, and so Agrippa stuffed them in the beastly ink. And these things are a parable, and a warning. The blackamoor is cricket, Agrippa is decent public opinion, the nasty inkstained urchins who throw muck are known to all of us, and are by all condemned. A great game is not killed by muck-slingers, but much of its innocent pleasure may be spoiled by those who seek to make capital out of besmirching it, only to find their own inkstained fingers (if possible) more messy. The notes have been exchanged between the two Governments; the ultimata have been issued and withdrawn and forgotten; the incident is closed; the fourth Test is about to begin. *Boys, leave the blackamoor alone!*

A COAL ENIGMA.—The winter has emphasized what to my ignorant mind has long been an enigma of our domestic economy. Every winter of late, residents on the Sussex border of Surrey, and I suppose elsewhere in the South, have been compelled to pay between 42s. and 44s. a ton for "kitchen" coal, and of course more for smaller orders. The price is always slightly rising. I remember when kitchen coal was below 30s. in the South counties. As a result of the present prohibitive price, every sort of device is being adopted at last to cut out the necessity for burning domestic coal. Sound ranges have been scrapped for patent cooking stoves, burning a ton or so of anthracite a year. Open fires give place to anthracite stoves, or wood-burning hearths are installed. And these changes are made always reluctantly by a nation still prejudiced in favour of open fires and coal. While this is happening, while the coal habit is being forced out of the public mind, the coalminers cry out for work and the railway companies for freight. And not they only. The coal agents repeatedly appeal for a lowering of prices, as their business dwindles. Year after year the price of domestic coal records a fresh increase over the "record" price. Is there no means by which the companies and producers can get together (with or without the co-operation of the agents) to arrest this fatal tendency, and to devise a scheme for running domestic coal to thousands of substantial householders who would still use it if the price were not a "hold-up"? Is there no means of controlling below a reasonable figure the price of domestic coal and the arbitrary and outrageous price which monopolist gas companies demand for coke? Between pit head and private cellar there is 27s. a ton added to the cost of production, while the charge for delivery from local railhead to cellar appears to work out at 5s. 6d. per ton for two miles. If the railways want business, why do they not explore the possibility of running domestic coal into the cellars of the householder?

WRITTEN TO DEATH.—It is very doubtful if any literary man of any age or country—unless it is Byron—ever excited so much interest or occupied so many pages of print in so short a space after his death as D. H. Lawrence has done. Book after book, article after article, lecture after lecture, have been given to the public in the comparatively few months since his death. The Lawrence literature, at its present rate of progress, bids fair to rival in bulk in a score of years the centuries-accumulation of Shakespeareana and the century-accumulation of Byroneana and the half-century of Wildeana. Byron, Wilde, Lawrence, these three, I should say, have excited (pro rata) more interest and speculation and passionate controversy than any other writers. As their forms of genius are distinct, so in the main has the interest in their personalities differed. In Byron's case, the major interest has centred on his manner of life and actions, in Wilde's case on his conversation and outlook, in Lawrence's hitherto on his place in literature and his theory of life, though the latest published book on the man switches over to his character and conduct. Is there a factor, common to these three, to account for this remarkable interest? It is not pre-eminent merit in literature. Wilde is not in the same rank with Byron, and, though no aspiring highbrow has the courage to question the genius of Lawrence, time and calm judgment have yet to give their verdict on him. One factor alone is common to the three, and worthy to be considered the prime cause accounting for this curious phenomenon. Each of these men was in his very different way sexually abnormal. I refer here to their writings, not to their lives. Each displayed the recklessness of fanaticism, Byron selfishly, Wilde with careful deliberation, Lawrence with bold determination. If this be a just estimate of the common factor, our interest in these writers does no service to the literary reputation of the nation. It does no more than prove that as a race we are morbidly curious and irresistibly drawn to the unhealthy, the unusual, the abnormal. In the immortal phrase of Miss Stella Gibbons, if there is something nasty to see in the woodshed, we are determined not to miss it. I am not going to be dragged into the arena on the question of Lawrence's place in literature. I know nothing about it. Byron's place is fairly well agreed. Wilde was only in the second rank, and none ever attempted to promote him higher. I am sick of Byron books, sick to death of Wilde reminiscences (without which no Victorian memoir is allowed to pass to the public), and already sick to death of this first wave of Lawrenceana. I do no more than seek to account for our peculiar interest in these three men.

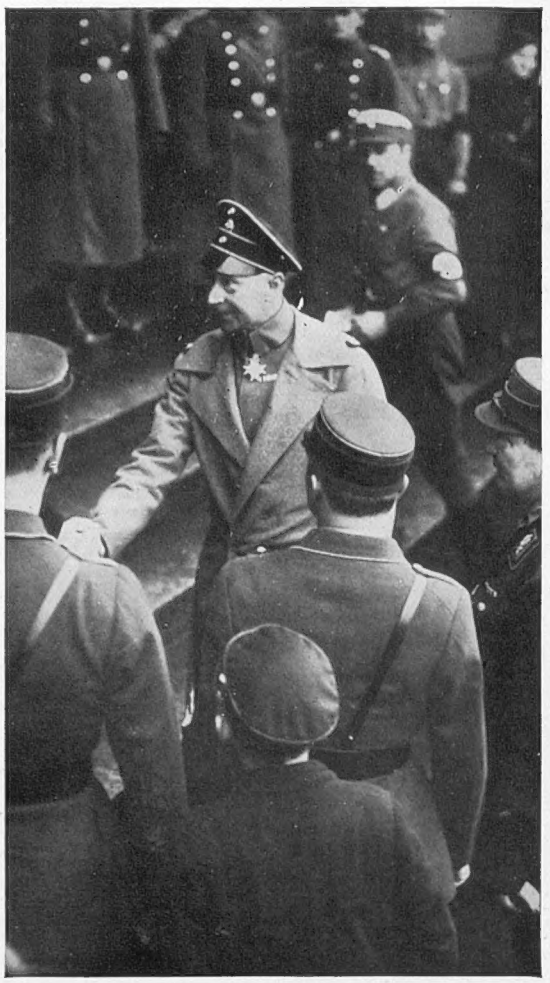
THE OLD STAGER.

"ES-CAPING" THE RAIN: These three young ladies in their picturesque capes were interested spectators in the rain at the North v. East Ladies' Lacrosse match at Kidbrooke last Saturday

GETTING DOWN TO IT: Rugby forwards at St. Paul's School, West Kensington, are being trained in scrum work by means of the "scrum machine," a device which enables the pack to learn the art of heeling-out. The players lean against the machine, which is padded and fitted with a spring-board

The EUROPEAN WHIRLIGIG

STATE BURIAL FOR A PRUSSIAN POLICE OFFICER: The clash of political interests between Chancellor Hitler's Nazi party and the Communists has led during the past week to several deaths in street skirmishes. This picture shows Nazis saluting the funeral cortège of a member of the Prussian police force shot during the fighting in Berlin

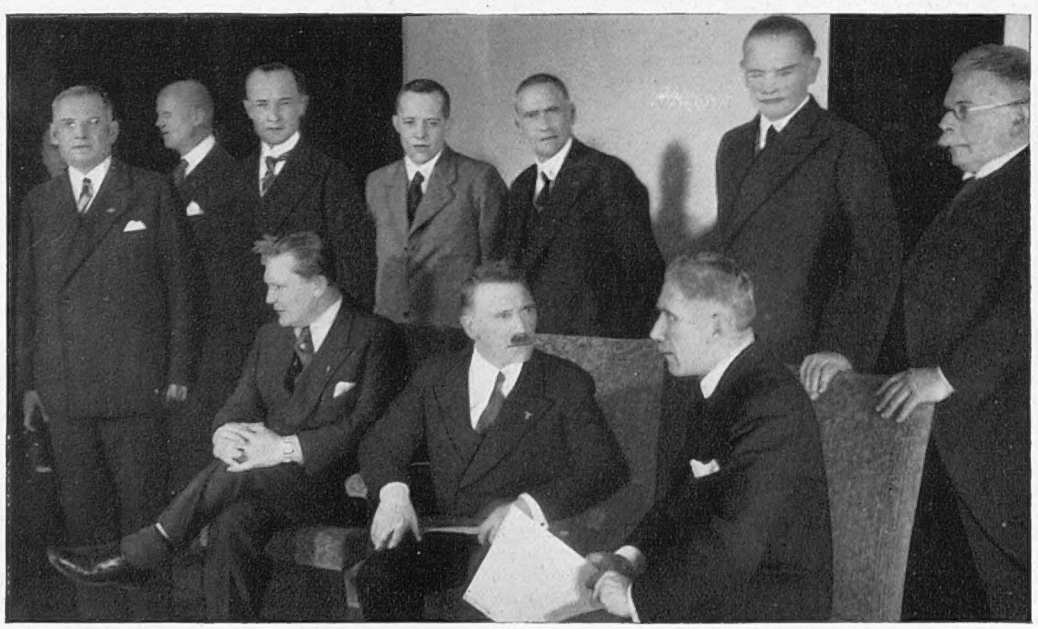


AT THE DOM: Germany's ex-Crown Prince being met at the entrance of Berlin Cathedral on the occasion of Germany's State funeral for the shot police officer and National Socialist leader

FRANCE'S NEW MINISTRY: Monsieur Daladier (in centre), France's Radical Prime Minister, announces his new Cabinet, which he completed without including the Socialists

LIGHT RELIEF: The Abbé Mouralis demonstrating his folding stove to Parisian journalists when he attempted to obtain an audience with M. Daladier during a vital conference of the Cabinet

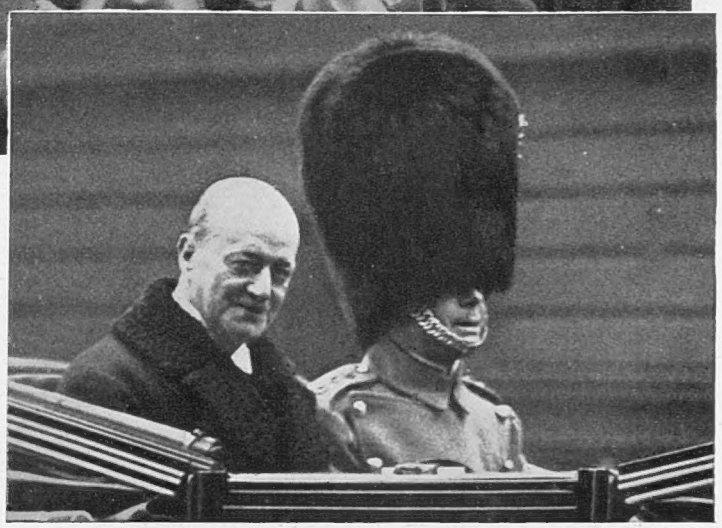
BERLIN'S NEW POLICE CHIEF: Count Helldorf, who a short while ago came into collision with the Berlin police for his part in Nazi street demonstrations, has been appointed to succeed Chief Melcher as Police President for Berlin



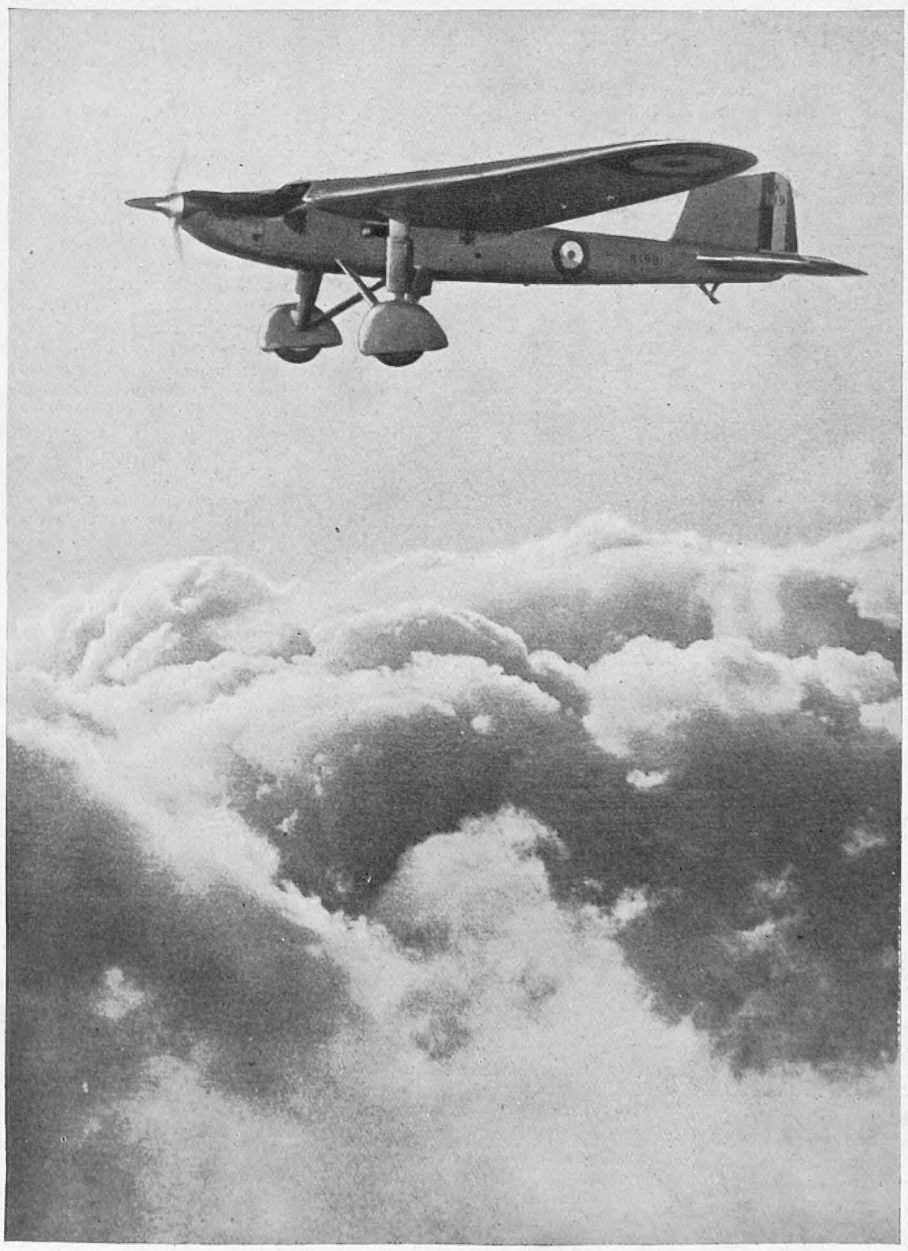
IN DOUBLE HARNESS: Chancellor Hitler and Vice-Chancellor von Papen, temporarily on terms of political amicability, and united against General von Schleicher, their common opponent, seated with members of the new Reichs Cabinet. *Left to right*—sitting: Herr Goehring (Air Transport), Chancellor Hitler, Herr von Papen. Standing: Herr Seldte (Works), Herr Gercke (Unemployment), Herr Ruebenach (Transport), Herr Frick (Interior), General von Blomberg (Reichswehr), Herr Hugenberg (Agriculture)

THE ARGENTINE MISSION ARRIVES and Other Matters of Moment

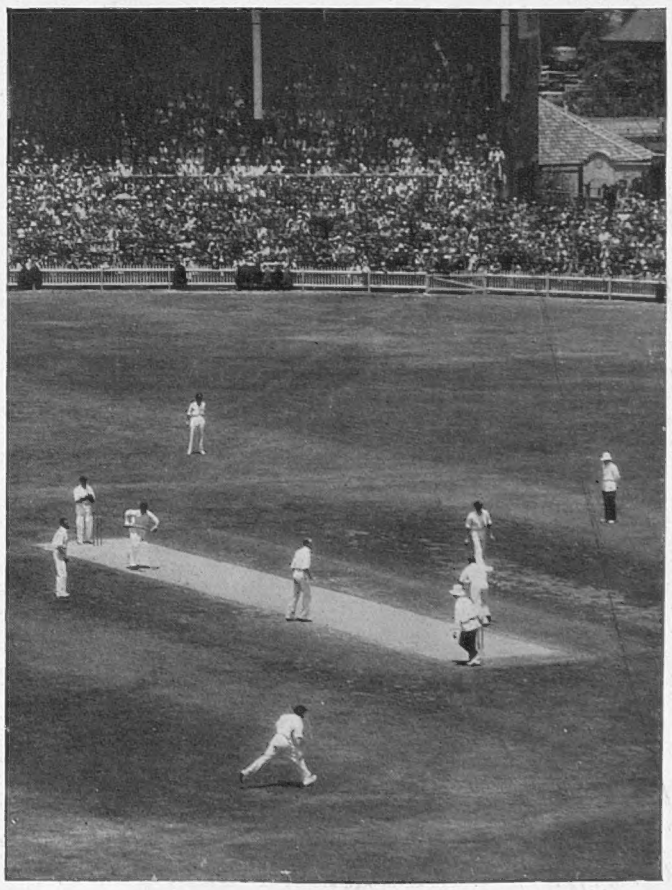
ARGENTINA RETURNS THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: Dr. Julio Roca, Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, driving with the Prince of Wales to the Carlton Hotel, after his arrival with his Mission at Victoria Station. The visit is a return of hospitality on the part of the King and the Government for the reception accorded the Prince of Wales two years ago when he opened the British Empire Trade Exhibition at Buenos Aires



LEAVING VICTORIA STATION: Dr. Julio Roca, Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, and the Prince of Wales leaving Victoria Station after Dr. Roca's arrival. A series of functions has been arranged in honour of Dr. Roca and his Mission, the most important object of which is to inquire into the relations existing between Britain and the Argentine



R.A.F. FLYERS BEAT LONG DISTANCE RECORD: As we go to press a Reuter Capetown message reports that Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Nicholetts, the R.A.F. non-stop flyers, have passed Zesfontein, Portuguese West Africa, and have now beaten the world long distance record of 5,012 miles. Above, the Fairey monoplane is seen on the first stage of the flight



THE SECOND TEST: Jardine (left), scores the first run in the second Test match at Adelaide which, in spite of a storm of protest against Larwood's leg theory tactics, England won by 338 runs. In the second innings Jardine made a patient fifty-six, thereby justifying his place in the team as an opening batsman

THE HUMAN ELEMENT: Although many of our road transport services are highly efficient, the human and accidental element, still serves to make scenes such as this on our highways an everyday occurrence

ROAD *v.* RAILROAD

The Coming Battle of the Giants

By EDWARD BRADDEN

The writer of this article desires to make it clear that while he has used every effort to hold the balance between the contending parties in the road and rail controversy it is, within the limits of this article, utterly impossible to cover the whole field of enquiry. It is an enquiry which involves millions of pounds and millions in the matter of personnel. It is only possible to outline a sketch of the battle which will be begun in Parliament this session between the now serried ranks of the railroads and the innumerable hordes of road transport. It is a struggle which will involve, collectively, every trade and industry in the British Isles. The whole conflict will rage over the question of goods transport, and who shall carry them, and at what cost? This is the problem to which Mr. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, will have to give his especial attention. "It is the duty of the State to hold the balance even between road and rail," said Mr. Churchill, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1928

It is curious how the majority of the public—and one must of necessity largely judge of this matter by the impressions of one's acquaintances and friends—have arrived at the gratifying conclusion that everything had been comfortably settled by the Report of the Conference on Rail and Road Transport which was held under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Salter, K.C.B. That was considered by most people as an air-clearing wind-up to the Royal Commission on Transport.

Now this report, commonly known as the Salter Report, is a most remarkable document. Everything is brought up to date nowadays, and so in this neat little Blue Book we get such beautiful psycho-economic phrases as "equity and industry," "community interest," and "legacy of the past." As it happens, these are phrases to be borne in mind because they embody the bitter facts of this Wheel v. Wheel war. Apart from this underlying bitterness—which is not discernible at the moment—one would imagine that the meetings of the Salter Committee were models of altruism and uplift on behalf of the community, with a little commercial interest thrown in. They sat—so we are told—to consider:

> Any measures which may assist the two sides of the industry to carry out their functions under equitable conditions which adequately safeguard the interests of trade and industry.

The report goes on:

> As regards the whole of this work, our object has been the ultimate establishment of a "fair basis of competition" such as will tend to secure a better "division of function" between goods transport by rail and road respectively.

In this ennobling enterprise the Salterites had the advantage of the wisdom of such bodies as the Conjoint Conference of Public Utility Associations, the Drapers' Chamber of Trade of the United Kingdom, the Road Haulage Association, the Railway Reform League—even the Pedestrians' Association.

And now we arrive at some really useful information. According to the report there are to-day about 1,000,000 private motor cars; 627,000 motor cycles; 364,000 goods motor vehicles; and 87,000 taxi-cabs, motor omnibuses, and coaches in Great Britain.

"Thus," the report continues, "we may consider the internal combustion engine to have placed a mechanized horse at the service of each man and woman of this country for the conveyance of themselves and their goods."

All this clears the way to pointing out that the new commercial means of transport on the roads do not pay their fair share of the costs of the roads corresponding to the charges which fall upon the railways in respect of their permanent ways.

Thus we come to "community interest," under which head we are reminded that everyone uses the roads—from his Majesty's troops to bicyclists—and that in the allocation of the cost of the maintenance of the roads we must be fair to everyone.

And while one is being fair to everyone, one has to remember the "legacy from the past." It is pointed out that, with few exceptions, the roads now used by motors are the roads originally made for traffic but not constructed on newly-acquired land.

Thus, suavely, and patting everybody on the head, the report gets down to the bedrock of the cost of the maintenance of the roads.

The Salterites, so to speak, clear their throats and say that on the one hand there is this, but that on the other hand there is that; but the main point is that their estimate is that the maintenance of the roads is going to cost £60,000,000 per annum.

Now this £60,000,000 is to be allocated as follows:

(1) £23,500,000 to commercial goods vehicles.

(2) £36,500,000 to all other mechanically-controlled vehicles (private cars, motor cycles, coaches, buses, taxis, etc.).

Even taking the income from licence and petrol duties at its maximum this means that someone will have to find £2,500,000, more than is at present provided for.

Who is going to pay?

Well, the Salter Report is very apologetic about it, but the fact remains that it is the heavier commercial vehicles which will probably have to pay.

It is pointed out that the railways spend £18,000,000 a year on maintenance and renewal, and that their signalling men cost them £6,500,000 per year and their rates £3,500,000.

Paragraph 23, Part 1, says: "Road transport, on the other hand, utilizes as its permanent way the general road system which has been constructed and transformed and is maintained by public revenues."

Now it might seem that all this was a wonderful pother about £2,500,000, but it is not only the extra cost of licences which is alarming the owners of heavy commercial vehicles. There are, for instance, the ancillary users—that is firms which employ their own motor vehicles for their own transport—and these represent 70 per cent. of all the commercial motor users.

They are, in addition to extra taxation, to be subjected to a far stricter supervision. Says the Report, "We consider that both hauliers and ancillary users should be subject to regulation, enforced through the grant of licences, as regards fair wages and conditions of service and the maintenance of their vehicles in a state of fitness." In fact they are going to be subjected to the same species of regulation as the railways.

The report continues:

> Finally, there has hitherto been a competition between road and rail of an embittered character which we hope our proposals will help to end. We conceive that the ultimate form of competition will and should be mainly along a different line. The hauliers on the one hand, and the railways on the other, are essentially two branches of the nation's carrier service. More and more we conceive that while they may compete with each other, on the fairer basis resulting from our recommendations, they will in future be concerned so to organize their services that in collaboration they can attract the public to resort to them for all classes of traffic in which large scale organization has great advantages.

It all sounded wonderful. We were all under the impression that Rail and Road had finally settled their differences and that legislation on the lines of the Salter Report would produce an almost heavenly state of transport in this rail- and road-ridden kingdom.

But not a bit of it. Scarcely was the ink dry on the covenant before all those concerned with road transport began in hot haste to repudiate it. And chief among them was Mr. F. G. Bristow, who had signed the report on behalf of the representatives of Goods Transport by Road.

It is perhaps only fair to Mr. Bristow to explain that he was under the impression he was compelled to sign the document as Joint Secretary.

If he had refused to sign it, he might have been the greatest man in the motoring industry to-day. But he signed it.

And, from his office—the office of the Commercial Motor Users' Association—he has issued what throughout the motor industry is already known as "The Yellow Book." It is—here is its cumbersome title: *The Case of Trade and Industry against the Report of the Conference on Rail and Road Transport*. It is issued on behalf of a conference of national organizations interested in road transport. No one knows who compiled it. It is a secret. There is no harm, however, in saying that whatever the righteousness of its cause, it is easily the most brilliant piece of literary propaganda that it has ever been my lot to see.

It is a brief based on accountancy and it is presented with a masterly marshalling of facts, a logic of argument, and a scintillation of phrase which would not have disgraced the late Lord Birkenhead.

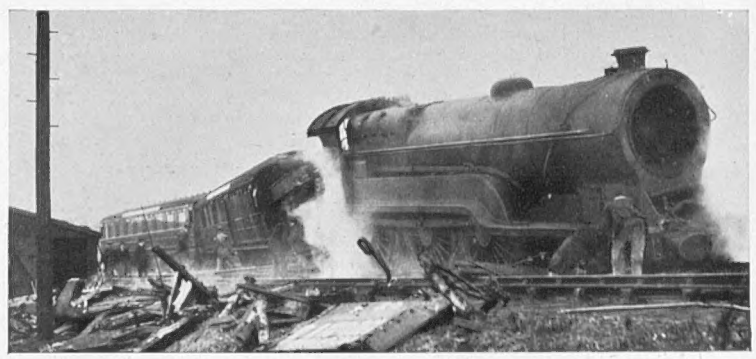
That may seem high praise, but let us have a look at it.

We cannot enter into its mazy figures. Those are for accountants to unravel. But we can consider its spirit, and that, like the spirit of the motor industry, is dynamic. It draws a picture of raw adventurers growing into a solid industry, and it cites nearly eighty industries, from the Accumulator Makers' Association to the Wine and Spirit Association, which regard its services as vital.

On the subject of the "Legacy of the Past," the compiler of the "Yellow Book" neatly puts the boot on the other foot by quoting the following passage from *The Story of the King's Highway* by Sydney and Beatrice Webb:

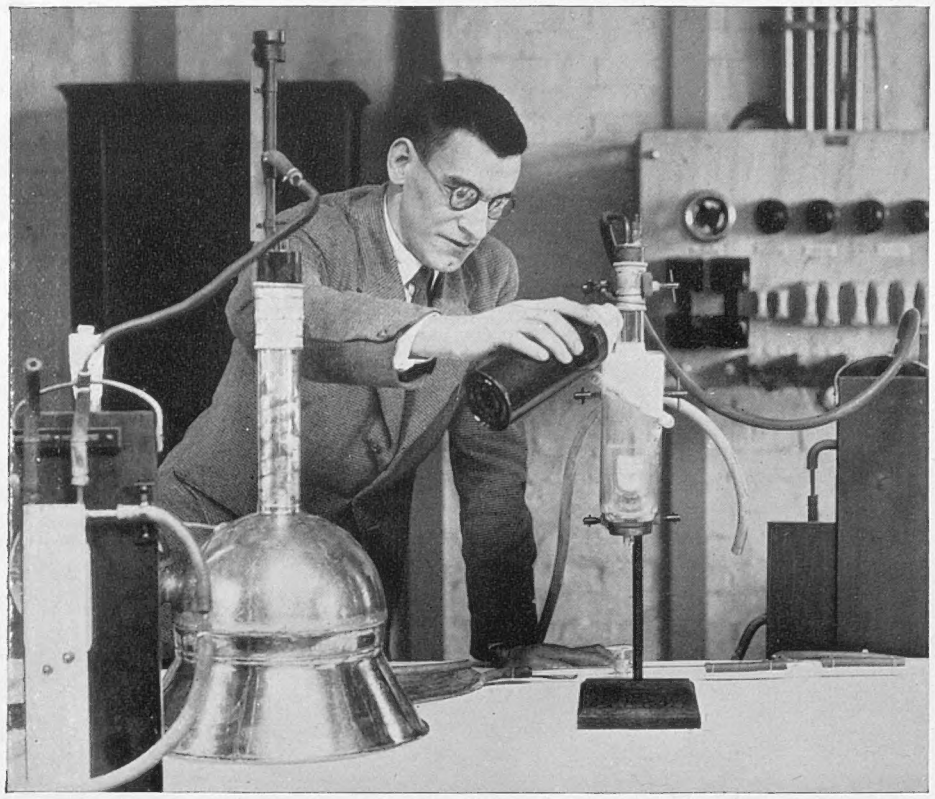
> Suddenly, with little warning, there fell, upon all concerned, what Sir James Macadam describes as "the calamity of railways." The short lines between Stockton and Darlington (1825), and between Liverpool and Manchester (1830), proved to be only the beginning of a complete supersession of through passenger traffic by road, whether by stage coach, postchaise or private carriage; . . .
>
> The transfer of this business was instantaneous and complete. Every coach had to be taken off the road the moment the railway was open to the towns along its route. No one took the postchaise when he could take the train. Whatever might be the fascination of the road, or the transient apprehension of danger by rail, no one was prepared to forgo the advantage of travelling thirty miles an hour instead of ten, at a price considerably less than that of the stage coach.
>
> The reversal of fortune (continues "The Yellow Book") which the invention and development of the internal combustion engine has brought about is scarcely an exact parallel, for the consequences are less severe. The Turnpike Trusts got little relief or assistance in the past. The railways can scarcely justify on this score any substantial claims for relief or assistance in the present.

(*Continued on p.* 208)



ONE IN 150,000,000: As an indication of the security and efficiency of their service the railways of this country are able to boast that during 1930 only one passenger out of the 150,000,000 carried was fatally injured. The above view was obtained after the accident at Loughborough last week (one killed)

ACTIVITIES AT HOME



LIQUEFYING HELIUM: A scientist at work on the liquefaction of gases, in preparation for an attack on the atom in the Ludwig Mond laboratory at Cambridge, which was opened on February 3 by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. The new building contains apparatus with which Professor Kapitza intends to split the atom on a scale never before known

AINTREE CANDIDATE'S GIRL TRAINER: Gay Devil, who will be a Grand National competitor next month, has the distinction of having a girl trainer. He is here seen with Miss Diana Thrale after a training canter at East Clandon, Surrey

NEW MAIL 'PLANE FOR THE CAPE: Fuelling the *Artemis*, the new Imperial Airways all-metal monoplane, before leaving Croydon on her London-Cape Town maiden flight. Sir Harry Brittain, who is obtaining data for a book on modern air transport, is a passenger during the 16,000 mile round trip

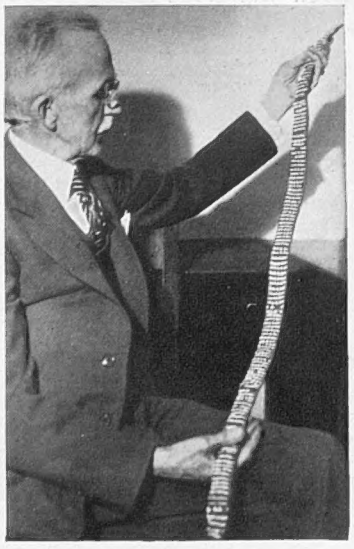
LISTENING TO LABOUR: Conservative curiosity rather than Communist fanaticism was the predominating feature of an orderly crowd which assembled in Hyde Park last Sunday to attend the Trade Union demonstration against the Government's economy policy. On the one hand was Lord Trenchard with 15,000 members of the Metropolitan Police Force, observation towers, telephone controls, and field kitchens; on the other a very well-dressed crowd in their Sunday best, which contained representatives from Oxford, the Green-shirt movement, and a sprinkling of Communists. *Above, on left*—YOUTH'S HAPPY DAYS: A young hatless demonstrator on the way to the Park with his red flag and shirt

GOLD WASTE OF THE WITWATERSRAND: Forty-seven years ago a mining camp of tin huts and shanties, to-day Johannesburg is a vast metropolis of a quarter of a million population. The very high price of gold is making it profitable to go over every possible source, including the dumps of waste at certain mines

FROZEN GOLD IN PARIS VAULTS: France's post-War tendency to concentrate the precious metal in Paris has, perhaps, been the most outstanding factor in the stagnation of money circulation throughout the world. *Above*—Ingots of gold in the strong room of the Banque de France, Paris

LONDON'S GOLD RUSH: Although the original rush to pledge gold and sovereigns for the attractive equivalent in sterling has slackened off somewhat, the bullion merchants are still handling substantial quantities of the precious metal. *Above*—Handing in gold at Messrs. Johnson and Matthey's, Hatton Garden, during the big rush

CONGO CURRENCY: The trumbash, a copper coin of the Congo. In Central Africa the native coiners are artists, though their work to Western eyes may appear a trifle primitive in finish



ANOTHER MEDIUM: A New York banker with a riband of 145 caribou teeth, the legal tender of the Indians of the North-west

GOLD: A Summary of the Past and Present Power of the Precious Metal told by a Banker

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold.
16 Proverbs v. 16.

Gold is blamed for many of our troubles of to-day. There are those who think that a proper handling of the gold situation would cure our ills, but such people are foolish optimists. Man cannot control gold, for gold is our master. Gold has ruled the world for thousands of years and its position to-day is as impregnable as ever.

From the earliest dawn of history gold has exercised its power over mankind. Its beauty and its rarity have ever made it sought after. It is the one common bond between all races, civilized and uncivilized, ancient and modern. For the love of gold kings have waged wars, women given their happiness and honour, and men their souls. Gold charms and fascinates. Uncivilized races thought it a magic metal. To manufacture gold was, with the discovery of the elixir of life, the dream of the alchemist of the Middle Ages.

The Temple of Solomon was crammed with gold, and so to-day are the bank vaults of New York and Paris. King Pharaoh put a chain of gold about the neck of Joseph, and now a chain of gold is about the neck of a suffering humanity.

How much gold is there in the world? To this question there can be no definite answer, but it is estimated that since 1493 the world's production of gold has amounted to some £4,700,000,000. About one-half of this is now used for monetary purposes, that is, it is either in the form of coin or of ingots held by banks throughout the world. The remaining portion, something over £2,000,000,000, has been either used for industry and the arts, or it has been hoarded.

A very large amount of jewellery is in existence, but as the wear and tear on golden articles are excessive a very considerable quantity must have been permanently lost through this cause during past centuries.

Further, a great deal of gold is hoarded. Tempted by the high price which the bullion now fetches in depreciated pounds or rupees, India in recent months has withdrawn from its hiding places and sent abroad for sale gold to the value of over £80,000,000. These gold sales were very useful in supporting the Indian exchange and further brought a handsome profit to the individual sellers.

The so-called gold rush in England that took place last year, when the public brought out their souvenir sovereigns for sale at prices around 28s. each, in addition to unwanted jewellery, resulted in the disposal of about 7,000,000 sovereigns and about the same value of old gold.

How does gold rule the world to-day? In early days men lived by barter. The hunter would give flesh to a gardener in exchange for fruit, while a man handy with tools would fashion implements which he would barter for food. This method had obvious disadvantages, as, of course, the gardener did not always happen to want meat when the hunter wanted fruit. Eventually money was introduced in the form of some article that could readily be exchanged for any or every other article. Many things were used as money—shells, stones, and precious metals, but the one commodity that excelled as money was gold. It was universally desired, it was easily divisible, and it was imperishable.

But gold, although for so long used as coinage, had rivals in silver and other precious metals. It was not until last century that the gold standard came to be generally adopted as a basis of currency. The great nations of the earth fixed the value of their units of currency in terms of gold. A piece of 22-carat gold, weighing 123¼ grains, in England had a value of £1, in New York of 4.86 dollars, in Berlin of 20 marks, and in Paris of 25 francs.

In these countries gold could always be changed into currency and currency into gold. Rates of exchange then gave little anxiety as the holder, say, in England of any funds could always withdraw them in actual gold, and by selling the gold abroad obtain the full number of dollars, francs, marks, or other currency.

Gold, then, was international money, and it always tended to flow where it would buy most. If prices fell in one country other nations would increase their purchases there. The necessary adjustment of the balance of payments would be made by shipping gold, and as a result of the increased demand for the cheaper goods, and of the more plentiful supply of money due to the imported gold, prices would tend to rise in the country concerned, and so the gold flow would cease. Interest rates were finely adjusted in all financial centres in order to attract gold if necessary, and so, in spite of many critics, the gold standard in pre-War days may be said to have worked well.

Price levels tended to be level throughout the world, and capital flowed freely to countries in need of development.

But the War altered all that. Practically every country—the U.S.A. being an outstanding exception—abandoned the gold standard. With the coming of peace, however, there was a general desire to return to gold, and within ten years most of the erring nations had returned to the orthodox fold.

In England we returned to gold in 1925, but with reservations. Gold then became freely obtainable only for export purposes, but the law was much tightened to make it impossible for gold to circulate at home. Gold could be demanded at the Bank of England only in ingots of 400 ozs., costing £1,700, so few ordinary citizens exercised their legal right. Further, any person formerly had the right to take gold to the Royal Mint and have it manufactured into coin free of charge. That right was cancelled, so it was not possible for anyone to obtain a 400 oz. bar of gold from the Bank and then to have it struck into 1,700 sovereigns at the Mint.

Post-War world conditions, however, were vastly different from those of pre-War days, and the gold standard, although restored, did not function satisfactorily.

The stocks of gold which from 1914 to 1929 had increased by over £1,250,000,000 no longer changed hands as money should. No longer did the golden river flow round the world, maintaining the balance of payments and stabilizing prices. Creditor countries curtailed their lendings to other countries. Artificial trade barriers and War Debt payments prevented normal commerce between nations. The augmented stocks of gold, instead of providing purchasing power for the world, flowed unceasingly to Paris and New York until two-thirds of the total gold supply of the world were held in those two centres. Indeed, to-day the United States holds over £900,000,000 and France £670,000,000.

(Continued on p. 210)

THE LOVERS' TIFF: A photographic study of exquisite beauty which has not only caught the incarnation of male and female Bavaro-Tyrolean humanity, but also the whole atmosphere of the peasant civilization seen at its most attractive in that most un-German of German districts

MITTEL-EUROPA *under the* CAMERA

"IT IS WRITTEN": A superb study — of two old Hebrew students engrossed with the Talmud—which justly took a photographic prize at a Vienna exhibition

NECTAR ON TAP: A group of the *gnädige Fräulein* who purvey the cup—say, rather, cups!—that cheer at the Bockbier festival at the "Neue Welt," Berlin

PROSIT: Celebrating the Bockbier festival at the "Neue Welt," a famous Bockbier restaurant in Berlin. The custom, which emanated from Bavaria, is now observed throughout the whole of Northern Germany

"TEA FOR TWO": An amusing canine study of two perky young Sealyham puppies looking at life from a new angle from the refuge of a pair of tea pots. Through the work of the "Field" Distemper Council, the chances of puppies surviving the dreaded scourge, distemper, are now materially altered for the better

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT: Three Great Danes catching the judge's eye at a London dog show. These magnificent dogs have been much in vogue on the Continent for many years, Bismarck, Germany's Iron Chancellor, setting the fashion in his own country some sixty years ago

DIGNITY AND INTELLIGENCE: With its almost human intelligence and dignified bearing the Afghan hound is at once one of the most valuable and sought after of the larger breeds among dog-lovers. Its popularity is said to be increasing

GOOD-BYE: Poor children waiting for the doors of Battersea Dogs' Home to open to admit their pets, licences for which they are unable to afford —a heart-breaking necessity when January comes along

FOR DOG-LOVERS

The Conquest of Distemper

Dog-lovers will indeed welcome the good news concerning the successful experiments which have recently taken place to combat *distemper*.

This dreaded disease has existed for many years, and is justly regarded as the most serious complaint which threatens the well-being of the canine population of this country. No respect is paid to race or breed, as it attacks all classes of animals alike. In some cases it simply causes a trivial illness, whilst in others the infection is followed by a serious and prolonged illness with a high mortality rate. Cases, however, which recover from severe forms of the malady generally show some pronounced disability which places the animal at a serious disadvantage with its companions.

In the past, distemper has been confused with rabies and jaundice. It has been present in the canine population of most countries for very many years, and from time to time in various places there might occur a sudden increase in virulence of the disease with disastrous results for the dogs in question.

To combat this disease a Research Committee was formed and known as the "Field" Distemper Council.

When the fund was inaugurated ten years ago, distemper was regarded as of almost inevitable occurrence in every dog's life, and caused either death or serious after-effects in a large proportion of cases. No trustworthy means for its prevention was known; the only treatment was purely empirical and palliative; "distemper" was not always clearly distinguishable from other diseases, and the very nature of the causative organism was in dispute.

The receipt and final report of the council in question states that the position has now been completely changed as the result of exhaustive work carried out on the part of Dr. E. P. Laidlaw, F.R.S., and Mr. G. W. Dunkin, M.R.C.V.S., with the resources placed at their disposal from the "Field" Distemper Fund and by the Medical Research Council. The cause of the disease has been definitely established, and its nature is better understood. Two methods of protective inoculation have been devised, and trial on a large scale has shown them to be successful.

The principal steps that have led to this great and successful change are as follows:

Proof was early obtained that primary distemper is due to an ultra-microscopic, filter-passing virus. This knowledge provided a rational basis for new means of prevention and treatment.

It was shown that distemper can be readily transmitted from ferret to dog and vice versa, and this fact was of the greatest assistance in the subsequent experimental work. Other studies were made of the infectivity, symptoms, and pathology of primary distemper.

The following inoculation was therefore found possible:

Virus, containing the living organisms of the disease and capable of severely infecting a susceptible animal.

Vaccine, containing the killed organisms of the disease.

Anti-Serum, from the blood of an animal that has been made immune by repeated administrations of virus.

It was also found that a healthy dog could be given lasting protection against distemper infection by the inoculation of vaccine followed by inoculation of virus later.

Later it was found that an animal could also be immunised by the simultaneous inoculation, on different sides of the body, of anti-serum and virus.

It was also found that the anti-serum, used alone, was of value in lessening the severity of an attack of distemper when given early enough in the disease; it is also useful for giving temporary protection to animals that have recently been exposed to infection.

The experimental use of these different methods was extended to trials on a large scale with dogs under ordinary conditions, notably kennels of foxhounds. Highly successful results were obtained. A subsequent survey of the results with the vaccine virus method showed that, in cases where exposure to infection was certain, the incidence of distemper among 650 hounds belonging to twenty-three hunting packs was only 1·4 per cent., and the death rate from this cause 0·3 per cent.

The research having thus been completely successful, as shown not only by experiment but also by large scale trials under ordinary conditions, the supply of the products has been passed to commercial laboratories in Great Britain and in the United States. The early results of this were not uniformly satisfactory in this country, owing in part to special difficulties at first found by the manufacturers in rapidly setting up large scale production to meet an enormous and urgent demand from dog-lovers, and in part to the novelty of the method and to some want of appreciation of the proper conditions for its use. More recent experience of the general supply shows that the vaccine virus method is now successful in a very high percentage of cases.

These achievements may soon have a wider interest. True, distemper has recently been found to occur among fur-bearing animals related to the dog (silver fox) or ferret (fitch, mink and fisher), and preliminary experiments already show that the methods now available will have immediate value where these animals are farmed. The work primarily undertaken for the protection of dogs seems likely, therefore, to save an important industry from losses which have hitherto been often disastrous. Apart from all else, the knowledge gained of this virus disease and of the means of combating it cannot fail to have a far-reaching influence upon the progress of research into virus diseases generally.

F. G. Bailey

The writer is indebted to the Medical Research Council for information on the above.

HOLLAND SKATES

The Dutchman at his Merriest

Ice! A steel-blue, shining sky. The air brittle and frosty and still with the stillness of a scene in a picture. Frozen earth and water from which the rays of the sun splinter back in a million glassy fragments. Ships in harbour, barges at the edge of long, straight, blue-grey canals locked fast in the ice. A thin wind out of the east puffs showers of night-rime from the silver limbs of the trees; and sea-gulls, flighting inland, scream coldly. The whole flat, glistening surface of Holland frozen hard.

Ice! The Zuider Zee, or what is left of it, shines hard, whitish-blue to the horizon, speckled with gliding figures. This is nothing like skating on a pond, or an artificial rink, or even a frozen river. This is Dutch skating. Real skating. There are bumpy passages like frozen waves. The more fun for that! It is like skating up and down hill, and there are shrieks of laughter at the many falls. Sharply corrugated bits occur, where the wind has ridged fresh-fallen snow that freezes hard as the ice. And there are miles of glistening surface, smooth as a window-pane where, with the breeze behind, your speed has the joyous thrill of danger.

Ice! If you would see the Dutchman frolic, see him when the temperature is far below zero. See him when the Zuider Zee becomes his playground, and the network of long canals a highway for his steel-shod feet. When from village to village he streaks along the gleaming surface, his long, Friesche skates, built for speed, scratching the ice like a diamond scratches glass. From Queen to farmer's boy, from staid director to brightly-jumpered typist, every man, woman, and child dons skates when the ice is fast.

The old *grachts* of Amsterdam that flow by the side of busy streets are, with the rest of the country, frozen hard. Office boys deliver their messages on skates. Shouting children, banned from the traffic-laden streets, make high festival on the city's white canals. At night there are torches and coloured lanterns, and the icy carnival transforms Amsterdam into a city of faëry. The whimsical, Delft-china harbours of Volendam, Enkhuizen, and the rest, are the prettiest sights of all; and no scene is more exquisitely, traditionally Dutch than these frozen harbours, with their frosted, icicled rigging of motionless ships, the baggy-trousered, fur-capped fishermen, the petticoated, starched and rosy maidens and the round, glowing children all skimming and gliding over the ice with the skill of a race who are born with steel runners on the soles of their feet.

Ice! The bluest, hardest, most abundant ice in Europe. The brightest, sharpest, frostiest air—your very breath freezes into little white sparkling clouds. The cleanest, biggest, coldest, sunniest sky—a frozen arc of ice-blue. The fattest, rosiest, merriest, roundest people on earth. Ice! Ice and the sharp, thrilling screech of swift steel echoed back into tingling air! This is Holland in her glory.

Ho! There is no fun like it. A whole nation in good humour because the sun shines from a frosty sky, and the ice is firm beneath the skates. Children are freed from school. Offices close early and make do with a skeleton staff. Farmers desert their stalled cows and fishermen their ice-bound smacks. Barrel-organs and hurdy-gurdies appear from nowhere and play tirelessly wherever groups of jolly skaters pick out a specially smooth section of ice to dance and pirouette. Stalls for hot drinks are set up at intervals along the banks of the canals, and little fortunes are made by fat old women in dozens of petticoats, shawled to the mouth and mittened until their hands assume Epstein proportions.

The classic expedition during the season of ice is from Amsterdam to the island of Marken. A black stream emerges, flitting and tumbling, tearing and toddling, from a dozen of the city's canals to the starting-point on the Zuider Zee. Their faces like glowing suns in the frosty air. Their skates like polished scimitars, curving upwards to a sharp point at the toe.

Singly, in pairs, in linked groups of ten or a dozen, one behind the other, attached to broomsticks, or simply clinging to each other's back, off they go, thousands of them, down the great, white, sunlit path that gleams before them to the ice-locked village of Monikendam, and thence across the shining Gauw-zee to Marken, that little, stilted island that gleams there in the frost like a magic thing. The Markeners themselves, in all the embroidery and gold and coral of their fancy, glide about on skates like enchanted dolls in an enchanted land of ice; and their island is fringed with stalls and booths filled to the brim with coffee urns and tasty *lekkertjes*, on which the serpentine horde from Amsterdam, the scream of whose skates can be heard afar off, will soon pounce with all the laughing abandon of a Dutch winter's feast.

Roy Elston

ON THE FROZEN YSELMEER: During the recent spell of cold weather Holland has enjoyed herself along the frozen shores of the Yselmeer (late Zuider Zee), which have been covered with a firm stretch of ice. A favourite trip, while the ice holds, is to skate out to Marken, a little island some two miles from the mainland

NEAR OLD VOLENDAM: With the passing years rural Holland has changed but little. Her children still skate to school, and at holiday times every class unites in enjoying the pleasures of the ice. There are few Dutch people who do not skate to perfection

BELOW FREEZING POINT: A picturesque scene on a Dutch canal, bordered by a fine example of the old type of windmill. Although ice on the canals has delayed shipping seriously, the Dutch have been making the best of the cold spell by indulging in their national pastime of skating

MORE ICE, LESS WORK: With the freezing over of the canals and harbours, work has been virtually suspended in most parts of Holland. Schools and offices have been closed early and ice carnivals and skating festivals have been the order of the day. These skaters are on a canal near Volendam

A RAILWAY OF DESTINY

Polish Silesia and the Corridor: Where the "Iron Horse" is All Dominating

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE RAILWAY STATION AT GDYNIA, the Baltic terminal of the new railway through Silesia and the Polish Corridor

Time was when treaty revision was hardly mentioned in the best, victorious circles.

"Playing the German game." "Mischief-makers." "The thing would lead straight to war."

In countries where things are apt to be made personal, perhaps on account of native venality, the intelligent anticipator would simply be put down outright, as bought, doing propaganda.

How radically we have parted from such earliness may be gauged from the fact that an article in this paper less than three years ago, dividing Europe into revisionists and anti-revisionists, was headed "staggering." To-day we are on the high road to consideration of practical ways and means—how best may revision tactfully and gradually be introduced—the case having been accepted by a wide majority as sufficiently made out morally.

"Frontiers are sacred, and made for eternity." The Rumanian Foreign Minister was saying this as recently as November, *1932*.

"Treaties are not eternal." (Mussolini always feels on a winner with this.)

"To security through revision!" enthuses the Reich, tongue in cheek.

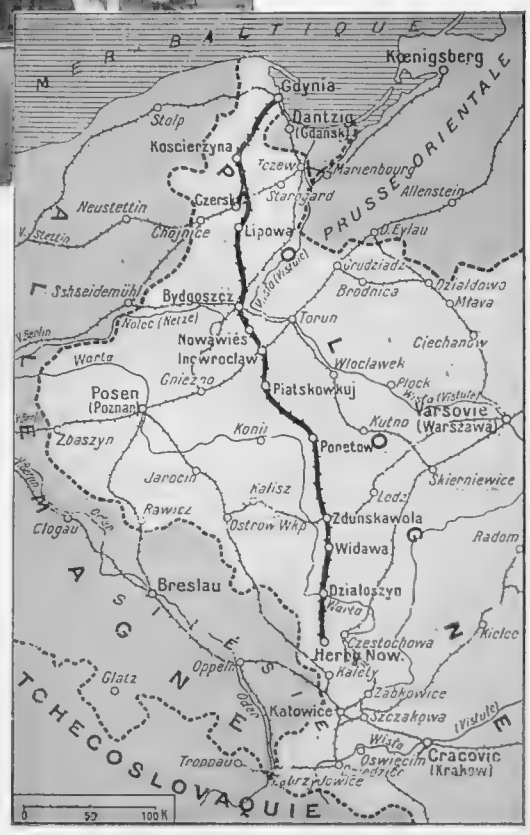
"A rest! a rest! if revision will give us that!" may echo multitudinously from diverse quarters.

Take a map and note the areas over which the hand of revision is extended in greater or lesser degree. The Polish Corridor and Danzig, Upper Silesia, Bessarabia, Transylvania, Tyrol, Eupen, Flensburg, Memel, Serbian Macedonia, Dalmatia, Slovenia, the Czechoslovakian frontier land facing Germany and that abutting on Hungary, the two zones enclosing several million Germans and Hungarians combined. Finally, the Germans want the Saar back without any voting or waiting—they have taking-over machinery ready—while one has said nothing about mandates and colonies. A full enough list without them. Alone, we are spared the inclusion of Alsace-Lorraine.

One aspect of treaty revision may not yet have attracted the attention which looks to be its due. Several of the territories over which stretches the hand of revision have been developed and endowed in no ordinary manner, since they were German, Hungarian, etc. You would have difficulty in recognizing one or two of them in their new guise, largely the outcome of Reparation moneys and foreign loaning. They are simply not the same provinces, districts, that the Central Powers were required to cede. These "reclaimed" territories (some of them) were very specially taken under the wing of their new Governments and comforted, and fitted out, and given this, and given that, as became poor suffering ones come back. They should see how kindly and beneficent would be their new condition! They would also be made to produce as never before. Being favoured spots, plant was laid, production was geared to boom-without-end times.

The population of these coveted lands has become modified. Fifteen years is a long time—long enough to breed a new human species, we are told in Russia, and something of the same texture under Fascism. All manner of folk crowded in in the wake of lavish equipment and construction. This may not be so in agricultural Bessarabia or Transylvania which seem to have remained pretty well as they were (and on that account offer less revision difficulties), but unfortunately it is precisely where the fat is most in the fire that development has attained highest proportions. I refer principally to the Polish Corridor and Upper Silesia and to the frontier-lands of Czechoslovakia. The funds sunk by private enterprise and by the States have been very considerable.

The net result—now that we seem to be approaching practical discussion regarding revision in the more pressing instances—the net result is that countries looking to receive back certain territories will have to be prepared to pay compensation for them, here and there heavily so. Something in the nature of a new form of reparations would be launched; though just where the necessary scores of millions of pounds would come from it is difficult to determine. Nevertheless, if it were simply a matter of paying for material improvement carried out in annexed territory, as a condition of such territory reverting to pre-War ownership, the thing would clearly not be impossible of arrangement. But from another quarter there enters serious trouble. Material development is not the only aspect. Much of the general outlay by present masters has had direct political and strategical significance. How to compensate for this?



THE 300-MILE RAILWAY designed to bring prosperity to the industrial centres of Polish Silesia. The post-War frontier runs west of Katowice and touches the Oder

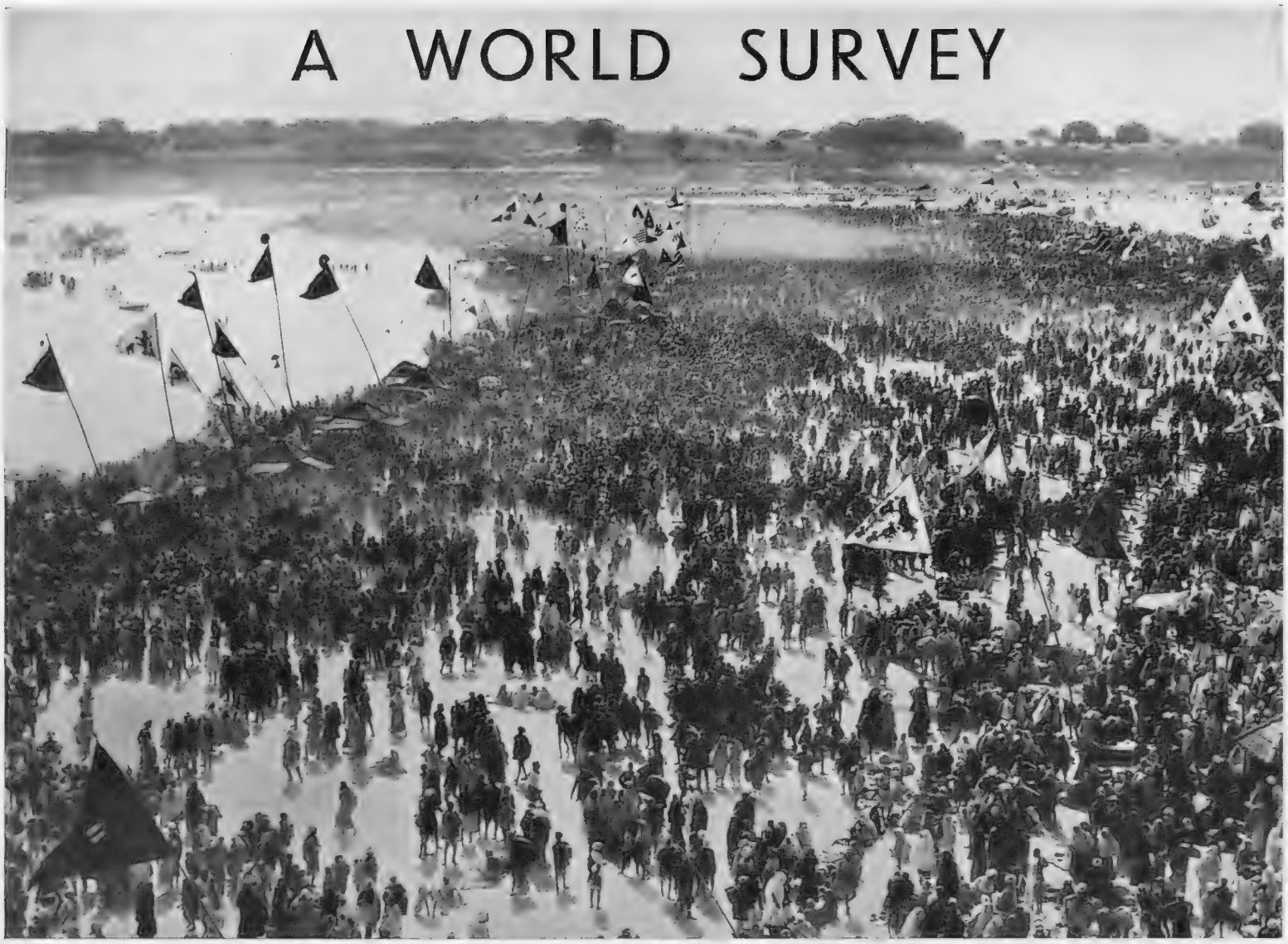
There could be no apter illustration, no sterner testimony to revision troubles ahead, as yet perhaps insufficiently perceived, than the Silesian-Baltic Railway now nearing single-track completion. The *Berliner Tageblatt* has averred that this line, Katowice-Gdynia, "modifies the aspect of Europe from the triple point of view of economics, politics, and strategy," and the statement is hardly an exaggeration. Katowice-Gdynia is, in sober truth, a railway of destiny. You have only to look at it on the map—running up through much of the territory claimed by Germany. If ever the matter of Germany's eastern frontier comes to be settled over green baize, *without* war first, this urgently produced line must loom very prominently in the proceedings. In this part of the world the "iron horse" still wins. For half the year road transport is hopeless, mud or ice. I once spent four months up and down between Przemysl and Kovno—I mean Kaunas—and though there's been improvement since that distant day the railway is still supreme.

When Warsaw decided to build Gdynia because Danzig was not toeing the line, the obvious next thing was to link up the new port with the main industrial centres upon which Poland relies for her export trade; textiles round Lodz, and the veritable second Ruhr basin of Upper Silesia and the Dombrowa. The rail system that had been inherited was far too antiquated and also went right round either by Posen—I mean Ponzan—or Krosniewice, to the east. Thus was Katowice-Gdynia conceived, and realization was rendered the easier by its having to traverse only endless rolling plain with few obstacles save half-a-dozen rivers. The length of the line is 300 miles, a saving of sixty.

In addition to opening up Lodz and the Polish Ruhr, the Silesia-Baltic traverses thickly settled agricultural communities hitherto out in the cold, and it will serve to expedite mass production from Eastern Czechoslovakia to the sea. Politically, the line acts as a kind of "skewer" on which are jammed half-a-dozen racial varieties. Crowningly, this new railway imposes itself when we think in terms of mobilization, supplies, and strategy. It is thoroughly linked up and would act as the main artery of French support to Poland (also Czech) both for munitions and other stiffening. This explains how the line has become practically French property. Poland began the construction, but in 1930, when a section had been completed at a cost of £2,900,000 (at par), further funds were lacking and Paris was approached, with the result that, by a law passed in Warsaw in 1931, an exploiting company was formed with Quai d'Orsay approbation and after the Polish Government had given a guarantee and agreed to a lien on the line in favour of the French shareholders. Work was thereafter pushed forward and recently the line was approaching Gdynia. But it has got to be doubled yet, and equipped, and this is going to cost another £2,500,000. If all goes well completion is hoped for by the end of next year. Then, there the new railway will stand, one further problem—artificial—in the path of distracted Europe and a pointer at some of the difficulties we may expect to attend, in general, the easy word "revision."

POLISH SILESIA'S STAPLE INDUSTRY: Coal trucks on a siding outside the railway station at Katowice, chief production centre of Polish Silesia's efficient coalfields, and southern terminus of the new mineral "road" to the Baltic

A WORLD SURVEY



A MILLION PILGRIMS WORSHIP MOTHER GANGES: Prominent both in its geographical and religious relation to the life of the country, the Ganges excels all the great rivers of India in sanctity. From its source, nearly 14,000 ft. above the sea, beyond the giant barrier of the Himalayas and along its 1,500 miles to the mouth of the Hugli, its course is holy ground and to bathe in its waters is to wash away sin. Our illustration shows pilgrims celebrating Amawas Day at the Magh Mela, Allahabad's annual religious festival, where at this time of the year sometimes more than a million pilgrims bathe at the confluence of their sacred river with the Jumna and the Saraswati. The Hindu pilgrims are mainly simple-minded village folk, bent on performing the ceremonies prescribed by their priests. These include, besides bathing, the shaving of heads, thus necessitating the presence of thousands of barbers

KING CAROL OF RUMANIA AND KING ALEXANDER OF JUGOSLAVIA, unenvied rulers of the ever turbulent Balkans, storm centre of European unrest since medieval times, meet in Bucharest to discuss their countries' relations with Italy. King Alexander and Queen Marie were entertained at Sinaia, King Carol's mountain palace. *Above*—King Alexander's arrival at Bucharest Station

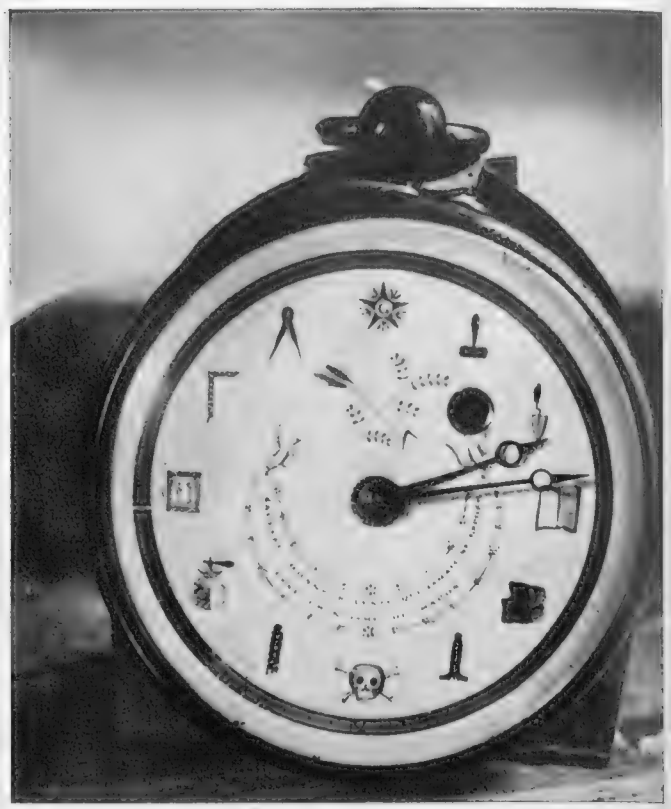
HEIR TO EIGHT SQUARE MILES: With his mother's renunciation of her rights, Prince Rainier has become heir to the throne of Monaco. In comparison with its size Monaco has at times been one of the most prosperous domains in the world, the tables of Monte Carlo yielding a princely income

ICE-BOUND IN THE BALTIC: During the recent Arctic weather many ships were compelled to lie ice-bound in the frozen sea, aeroplanes being sent out in search of ships to supply their crews with food. This illustration shows a 'plane of the German Luft Hansa Airline landing on the ice of the Baltic. There was an almost complete dislocation of traffic from the Scandinavian and German ports lying along the shores of the sea, freight vessels from the Gulf of Finland and Danzig being held up for several days

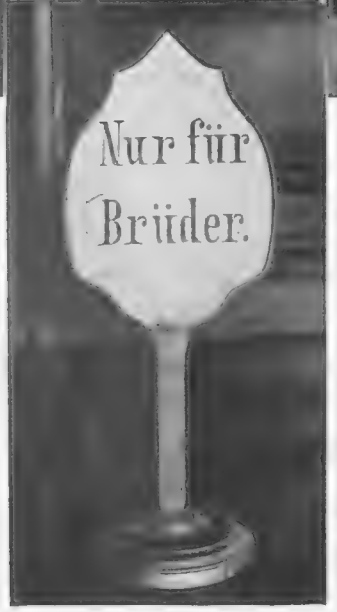
MASONRY: A FORCE

A First Series of Pictures Illustrating the

THE RITUAL OF MASONRY: An overseer's table with candle and mallet, symbolic emblems of the Craft. This is one of a series of pictures taken in the Prussian Mother Lodge in Berlin



THIS OLD FREEMASON'S CLOCK is one of the many treasured historical possessions of the Mother Lodge. Instead of figures it carries the Mason's symbols. The wording on the face of the clock is in French



"FOR BROTHERS ONLY" reads this notice on one of the tables in the dining-room of the lodge

Left — AT A LODGE EVENING: An old painting of Frederick the Great, the father of German Masonry, which decorates the walls of the Mother Lodge. *Above* — VANDALISTIC ICONOCLASM: A beautiful statue of a Freemason, damaged by opponents of Prussian Masonry

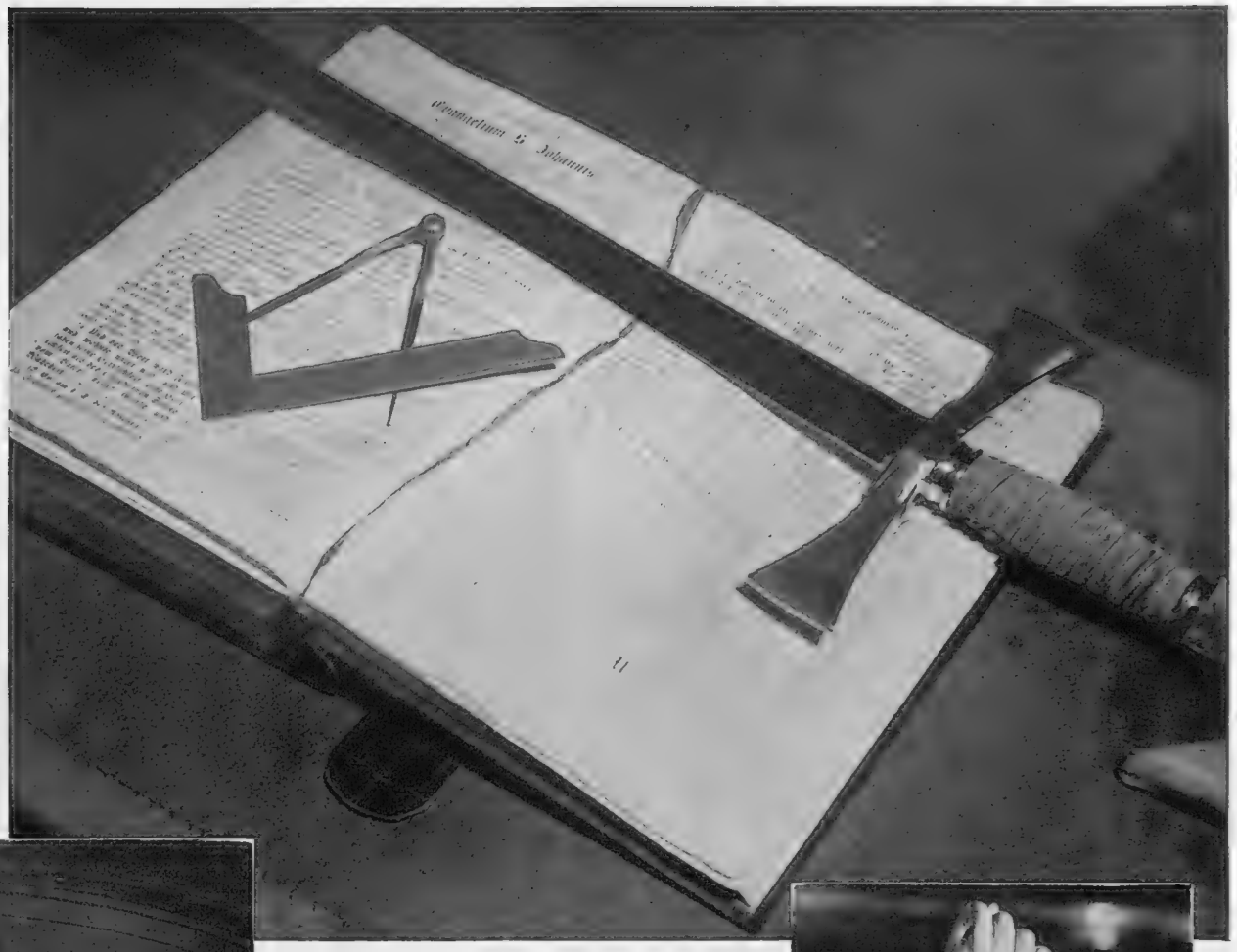
RITUAL CUPBOARDS: An outstanding feature of Freemasonry from the very earliest times has been its love of ritual and ceremony. The possession of a uniform invariably adds zest to a movement. This illustration shows the ritual cupboards at the Mother Lodge where members of the Craft keep the uniforms which denote their rank and service.

Introduced into Germany in 1740, and sponsored by Frederick the Great, Freemasonry has made the most remarkable strides and is even now gaining an ever increasing place in the interests of the German people. The illustrations on this page show interiors and treasures of the Craft in the Mother Lodge, Berlin, the headquarters of Prussian Masonry. The love of uniforms and elaborate ritual inherent in every Teuton, survival of the days when Prussian militarism reigned supreme, has done much to promote increased interest in Masonry, just as it has placed Hitler and his Nazi movement in supreme political control of Germany. Masonry has travelled far since the Middle Ages when the Masonic brotherhoods were little more than guilds directing the activities of the builders of the period. Since then, by reason of the

IN GERMANY

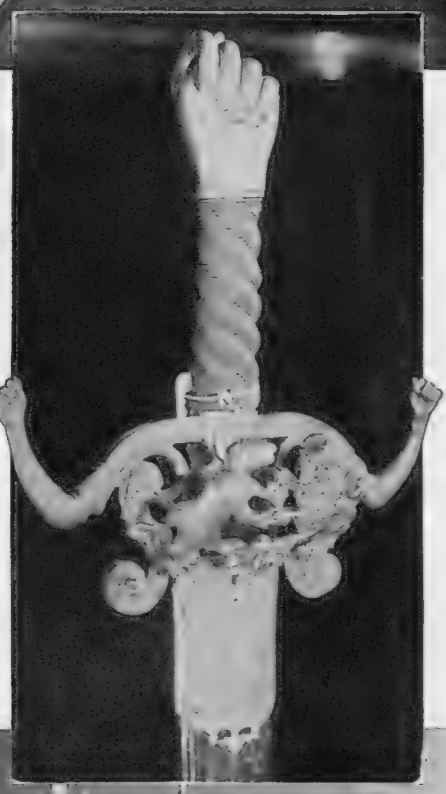
Mother Lodge in Berlin

THE GRAND MASTER of the Mother Lodge, Herr D. Habrecht, in his study. Behind him is a portrait of Frederick the Great, who founded the lodge in 1740



CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE: A draped alcove in the temple of the Mother Lodge, with its painting of the Christ during the agony of Gethsemane, one of the lodge's most valued possessions. Although binding its members to no one religion, Masonry demands that they acknowledge the existence of the Great Architect of the Universe

SYMBOLS OF OFFICE: A Masonic Bible, the sword of the Master Mason, and the callipers and set square, reminders of the original calling of the craft in medieval days



Right—A RELIC OF THE FOUNDER: The Freemason's sword of Frederick the Great showing the thumbs bent under the forefingers. *Above*—A Masonic chair showing where the white gloves, symbols of purity, are placed during service

THREE PILLARS OF WISDOM: Freemasonry in Germany may be said to be dedicated not so much to a religion as to an all-embracing philosophy wide enough in scope to include every member but sufficiently defined to present a true plan of life. This illustration shows the three pillars of Wisdom, Beauty, and Strength in the Temple of the Mother Lodge

secrecy which has surrounded it, its true purpose has to the outside world been overlaid with fiction and absurdity, often leading it into ridicule and abuse, and seldom enhancing its prestige. In Germany in particular the enmity to which the Craft was exposed during the initial post-War years did much to delay its progress. There are even some in the country to-day who attribute the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand at Serajevo, and the outbreak of the War, to its influence. Even though the Craft in Germany is now greatly respected, the secrecy of its ritual still breeds rumours which have no possible foundation in fact. In spite of this, however, its activities continue to expand, and it may be said that the Masons of Germany, by their desire to promote friendliness and understanding, are playing their part in keeping a chaotic post-War nation from anarchy and bloodshed

THE RISE OF FREEMASONRY

The Story of a Craft Society which Numbers 5,000,000 Members

By GEORGE GODWIN

A ROYAL MASON: King Edward in the uniform of a Past Grand Master. As Prince of Wales he occupied the highest office in the Craft—that of Grand Master

There are nearly 5,000,000 Freemasons in the world, men of all creeds and races whose common bond is obedience to a rule, and the true worship of the Supreme Architect of the Universe.

It is the rule that makes Masonry the astonishing phenomenon it is, for, stripped of verbiage, initiation involves acceptance of a code whose king-pin, to use a mason's metaphor, is brotherhood.

The story of the origin and growth of the Freemasons reveals this element of brotherhood from earliest times.

Research into the past has produced two schools of masonic historians, the first documentary, the second anthropological. Both have gathered material of the greatest interest.

Masons, to-day, use Rules and Charges that go back into the mists of time. For example, the famous *Regius MS.*, a copy of which is in the British Museum, may be nothing more than a legend of the Craft, though none the less fascinating for that.

There you may read that it was unemployment that gave birth to the movement. The legend runs something like this:

The problem of finding work "that they myght gete here lyvynge thereby" led to a general consideration of the problem. It was decided, as is the custom to-day, to call in the expert, and no less a personage than Euclid was decided upon.

With his well-known penchant for squares and triangles, it was natural, perhaps that Euclid suggested that Masonry, of all crafts, offered the best solution.

This MS. therefore purports to link up modern Masonry with ancient Egypt. Strangely enough, the legend is supported by other evidence, that of the mural decorations which suggest that Egyptian masons used precisely those signs that are used to-day by masons throughout the world.

Other records speak of Athelstan as a mason who called together the masons, and drew up articles and rules for the government of the Craft.

Those rules still colour masonic procedure, bearing a marked resemblance to the Ten Commandments.

It is of interest, since masons keep their secrets well, that after objurgations to love God, Holy Church, one's Master, the novitiate was sworn to keep the counsel of his Master and a wary watch upon his tongue.

This same document traces the Craft back to the days of the Ark and makes mention of Babylon. Yet, fantastic as it all may sound, there are many reasons for supposing that Masonry is indeed of very ancient lineage.

For example, signs used by the Hung Society of China, whose antiquity is unquestioned, are in many ways similar to those of Masonry. Savage races have been found who also used these signs, a fact that suggests that Masonry owes something to creeds long since dead.

Ancient masonic documents provide a good deal of amusing reading. For example, one such relates how Grand Master Moses used to muster the Israelites into a regular and general lodge while in the wilderness.

King Solomon, it is claimed, was a Grand Master in his day of the Lodge of Jerusalem, and Nebuchadnezzar Grand Master Mason.

Modern Masonry dates from the formation of the Mother Grand Lodge, inaugurated in 1717. It drew under its discipline most of the existing lodges in England, though those of Scotland held themselves apart. Similar Grand Lodges were founded in Scotland and Ireland, and it is from these that the world organization of to-day developed.

This statement, however, may not go unchallenged by the German masons. The Germans certainly had an ancient craft in the Steinmetzen, or stone masons, and their historian Findel believes that the Craft originated in that country. In the Middle Ages the Germans, like their English "fellows, had guilds of masons. In England they were employed mostly in building churches. The origin of the word "free" in this connection is dubious.

For example, it is suggested that being exempted by several papal bulls from the laws which bore upon craftsmen, they became known as free.

It is also suggested that they were so called because they worked in freestone. A third theory has it that they were those masons that went from town to town in search of work and were thus free of the guilds.

In any case the masons began to accept two categories of members. First, working masons, constituting a monopolist trade union, secondly "speculatives," men who went through ordeal and ritual as honorary masons. Even then it was customary for noblemen to become members of the Craft. Since the first of them, sixteen English princes of Royal blood have held high masonic office, the present Grand Master being the Duke of Connaught. Of the 5,000,000 masons in the world he has under his authority 350,000 members of the Craft in England and Wales, 90,000 in Scotland, and 70,000 in Ireland.

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE, a Grand Officer of the Lodge, has for many years been a leading light in Freemasonry

The view of the origin of Masonry that is not based on documents, traces back through the significant ritual. Much of this points to an origin in the worship of the Corn God and thus by a different route arrives at the same conclusion as to masonic antiquity. In practice, Masonry resolves itself into a vast fraternity for mutual help and brotherhood. It ignores race and creed, asks only the sign of membership.

The amount of charitable work done by masons can never be known, for a large part of it consists in the private assistance so freely given by masons to brothers in distress.

Although Masonry is not a religious order, its Christian origin still colours its procedure, yet, such is its constitution, peoples of all creeds can enter the Craft without impediment, with one exception—Catholics. Once within the fold, a mason can remain an Entered Apprentice, the lowest degree or, if he cares to submit to some study, further ordeals and examination, go from Fellow Craft to Master Mason, and so to the higher degrees which end with Prince Mason.

Masons are often asked as to the truth of the romantic story of the lady who hid herself in the clock and thus, because of her illicitly-acquired knowledge, had to be initiated.

The lady concerned was the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth, daughter of Lord Doneraile, and the initiation took place in Ireland. There has been no other woman mason: nor is there likely to be.

It was a mason—Gundulp, Bishop of Rochester—who built the White Tower; and another, Peter of Colchurch, who built old London Bridge. Henry VIII's chapel, Westminster, and the Royal Exchange are also the work of Master Masons.

And it was in his capacity of Master Mason that George IV, then Prince of Wales, opened Covent Garden—a reminder of the fact that the present Prince of Wales is a mason as was his Royal grandfather.

LORD MAYOR MASONS AT THE MANSION HOUSE: Sir Phené Neal, the Right Hon. Lord Marshall, and Sir George Truscott dining at the Mansion House on the occasion of the installation of Sir Maurice Jenks as Worshipful Master of the Guildhall Lodge last year

A MASONIC QUARTETTE: Prince Arthur of Connaught, Past Grand Warden and Provincial Grand Master of Berkshire, Lord Ampthill, Sir Maurice Jenks, and Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey at an installation ceremony

DRUIDIC RITES

In the Heart of London

THE INITIATION CEREMONY of the Ancient Order of Druids is founded largely on the religious system of the Gauls and early Britons. Our illustration shows three brothers at the conclusion of the ceremony passing through the Cromlech. They carry with them the crook, symbolical of the sickle which was used to cut the sacred mistletoe

STONEHENGE IN LONDON: The Grand Guardian standing beneath the Cromlech in the Grand Lodge. It is his duty to see that only the initiated pass this entrance. The headquarters of the Order are designed as a reconstruction of Stonehenge, the most perfectly preserved stone monument in Britain

A DRUID IN THE PRIMITIVE DEGREE OF THE ORDER keeps vigil at the altar beneath a Trilithon, a reconstruction of one of the crude arches of the Druidic period, at the Imperial Grand Lodge in London. The Imperial Grand Arch Druid, who holds office for one year, directs the activities of over 1,500,000 members of the Order

MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES: Mr. C. F. Churchard, the Imperial Grand Arch Druid of the Order, in his Druidic chair of stone

Though national animosities may have become at times very acute, a significant factor in world life during the post-War years has been the outstanding growth of brotherhoods and friendly societies dedicated to the cause of mutual co-operation. One that has made a rapid but unobtrusive progress is the Ancient Order of Druids. That this organization, numbering over 1,500,000 members, has its headquarters in London is probably news to many of our readers. Its aims and objects are directed towards understanding and friendliness between members, who are bound in sympathy by secret rituals not dissimilar to those practised in the Druidic religious system of the Gauls and Britons. The Order was founded in London in 1781 and since that time has extended its activities throughout the world. London, however, still remains the headquarters, and it is from the Imperial Grand Lodge that the activities of the 1,500,000 members are directed by the Grand Arch Druid. The remarkable series of illustrations on this page are the first ever taken of an actual ceremony of the Order

GRACE ON TH

CHAMPION ONCE AGAIN: Fröken Sonja Henie once more carries off the flowers of victory

Above—CASTING THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE: An unusual camera study of two exhibition skaters on the ice. *Below*—PRACTISING FOR A WORLD TITLE: Melitta Brunner practising on the Palace Rink at St. Moritz during her preparations for the world championship. Preparation for an ice skating event demands a most intense training, the performer having to bring in to play muscles which in other sports are seldom highly developed

THE NORWEGIAN WONDER: Although the young English skat whom the experts predict a tremendous future made a b debut, there was little doubt in the minds of spectato Westminster Ice Club last week, of the outstanding superio Fröken Sonja Henie. Our illustration shows Fröken Henie dressing-room before fulfilling an engagement at the Sportspalast

N THE ICE

AGAIN: Fröken Sonja
more carries
rs of victory

Above—HARMONY ON THE ICE: Messrs. Gaillard and Petter, the Viennese couple, seen during an exhibition of rink craft. *Left*—THE CHAMPION: Fröken Sonja Henie, Europe's 1933 figure skating champion, in a characteristic pose. Fröken Henie is not yet twenty-one years of age

KARL SCHAFER, the Austrian and European champion for 1933, delights a Vienna audience with his skill. *On right*—MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, the twelve-year-old Hampstead skating wonder, and runner-up in the European championship

LIGHT AND SHADOW: Messrs. Gaillard and Petter, runners-up in the European championships, give an exhibition of the forward inside spiral

he young English skater for
dous future made a brilliant
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the outstanding superiority of
on shows Fröken Henie in her
engagement at the Berlin
last

The Figure Skating Championships of 1933

Held in England for the first time, the European figure skating championships were decided at the Ice Club, Westminster, last week, when Herr Karl Schäfer of Austria retained the men's title for the fifth successive year. The runners-up were Herr Ernst Baier (Germany) and Herr Erich Erdös (Austria). In the women's championship, Fröken Sonja Henie of Norway also remains holder of her title, as a result of her victory over Miss Cecilia Colledge of England

SEEING IS BELIEVING

The Remarkable Progress Made by Baird Television from Broadcasting House, Reviewed

by CHARLES GRAVES

SIX MONTHS OF TELEVISION BROADCASTING: During the short time that the B.B.C. has been giving regular television broadcasts they have made such progress in the quality of presentation that it is now possible to televise a complete film with clarity and without distortion. This illustration shows a seal playing the saxophone at Broadcasting House

Next week exactly six months will have elapsed since the British Broadcasting Corporation included television in its regular programmes. Already in that time a huge advance has been made, and it is estimated that there are as many as 35,000 people in this country with television sets. Television has come to stay, and, after having seen a private rehearsal of a programme of the B.B.C. at Broadcasting House on the latest model receiver, one is equally certain that television will one day become as universal as broadcasting.

Even now it is possible for a talented mechanic to make a complete receiving set for the sum of 20s. The kind you buy ranges in price from £7 to 18 guineas, and they are so powerful that there are people in Madeira 1,500 miles away who "look in" regularly. To look-in is the television equivalent of to listen-in, and the substantive is "looker." The number of lookers will increase enormously in the next few months when the latest receiving sets will be on the market. The difference between a screen of 7 in. by 3 in. and a screen of 16 in. by 6 in. is out of all proportion to the actual difference in square inches. The larger set, which is not yet on the market, gives fifteen times more entertainment.

Some of the readers of THE SPHERE may have been present at the Metropole Cinema last June when the first public demonstration of television was given. On that occasion it was the Derby. Sitting in a darkened theatre one saw a few shapeless figures of horses whizzing across a minute screen. What looked like a number of telegraph poles also whizzed across, and it was impossible to tell what it was all about. The scientists, of course, realized that it was a tremendous mechanical advance on anything that had previously been done in the way of television, but it was a scientific novelty rather than a medium of entertainment. Since then, advance has been so rapid that there is no comparison with this performance.

Even now the colour question has not been solved. Red becomes white, green becomes grey, blue turns black, yellow goes white, and all shades of violet and purple go black. However, the chief difficulty has been partially solved, and will soon be completely solved. That is the problem of giving as much detail as possible on the screen. A few days ago a number of art treasures and even Old Masters were shown by means of television. It was found that by selecting the pictures carefully and focusing on a small area the beauty of the painting could be "put over."

The shutter effect, which is officially known as flicker, is being rapidly eliminated; and though it is impossible to say when colour can be introduced on to the screen as on the films, nevertheless most effective transmissions of distant objects can be achieved. In the course of the last six months performing seals, exhibitions, conjurers, ventriloquists, song-and-dance acts, and even pantomime have been televised successfully. Another clever piece of television was that of a mannequin parade showing a number of model dresses worn by girls employed by a smart West End couturier. As a result of this, optimists predict that the time will come when women will be able to buy dresses shown to them in their homes by television from the big stores.

At the present minute the area which can be televised is limited to 20 ft. by 18 ft., but the projector can be moved in accordance with the person or object televised without great difficulty. It can be swung sideways or up and down. Last week I saw a comedian do a Zulu war dance. It was astonishing to realize that his face and war paint, as well as the sounds he made, could be transmitted to me from a distance. It was undoubtedly real entertainment, and that is, after all, what the B.B.C. is attempting to achieve with television.

I cannot make the slightest attempt to explain scientifically how television is achieved. This I do know, that in the matter of make-up, red lips have to be painted blue, the nose has to be shaded either blue or black, the eyebrows have to be heightened, and altogether the artists look entirely grotesque in real life, though the apparatus makes them appear charming and delightful on the screen. Anything that does not require too much stage movement is suitable for television, providing always that there is not too much intimate detail. Conjurers, marionettes, trick cyclists are all good objects for television.

The important dates of broadcast television are September 1929, when vision alone was broadcast and only a small head and shoulders were visible. Another date was March 1930, when the first broadcast with sound took place. Gracie Fields and Ann Croft were the two artists concerned. Now the B.B.C. in their regular programmes include half-an-hour's television at 11 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. There is also experimental transmission on ultra short waves between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock on Wednesdays and Fridays.

As a result of a visit to Broadcasting House you come to the immediate conclusion that television has endless possibilities, and is progressing far more rapidly than either wireless or films in the early days. Present day people expect every new invention to become perfect immediately. Listeners in who use their wireless and tune in on Moscow or Fécamp with extreme ease forget that it was only a few years ago when they scratched the face of a crystal, and then faintly heard Morse dots and dashes by the aid of headphones glued to their ears. Older people will recall the earliest efforts to make films. Those who do so, and who have looked in on television, will tell you that television, as practised now, is far less blurred and trying to the eyes than the early pictures, and with a consequent certainty of improvement.

Those who look to the future prophesy calmly that television will bring people back to their hearths in a way that nothing has ever done before. It will be possible for them to see portrayed in front of them actual events while they are happening—anything from a coronation to a football match. It is also sure that at no great distance of time large cities will have three or four booths at which it will be possible for people to ring up and see and be seen by their relatives, or others with whom they wish to get in contact.

Already a Charlie Chaplin film, a boxing match, and a George Robey comedy have been televised. In Paris, where there is less Post Office red tape, experiments have been made in linking up the telephone with television. It is possible for two people to ring each other up and see each other. This apparently throws open boundless possibilities to a "Peeping Tom," but actually, unless the person who is telephoned turns on his or her transmitter, it is not possible for them to be seen.

The combination of television and the telephone is not being exploited over here by the B.B.C., for the very good reason that their primary interest in life is broadcasting. Actually Baird, the father of television, succeeded in transmitting images over the ordinary service telephone between London and Glasgow in 1927.

Another early performance was the transmission to the *Berengaria* in mid-ocean of the face of the chief wireless operator's fiancée in Long Acre. All these were steps towards the present day, bridging the gap from 1876,—when Bell's invention of the telephone at once started numerous theories for the transmission of sight by electricity.

Not surprisingly, America has been feverishly busy over trying to improve upon the English system of television and, in fact, to steal it as effectively as they stole a march on us with moving pictures, which were originally an English invention. Fortunately, Americans have had no success in this. There is no country in the world which conducts so complete and regular a routine programme of broadcast television as Great Britain.

The man in charge of the television programmes at Broadcasting House is Mr. Eustace Robb, the son of the distinguished General of that name. He has been only six months on this job. In consequence he is still learning all the time about it. There is no official make-up expert, and it is only through experiments that he is becoming increasingly adept at this important sideshow. It is largely through his conscientious application to the difficult problem of whom and what to televise that lookers are receiving so efficient a service. It is against the rules of Broadcasting House for any members of its staff outside the Publicity Department to give their personal views for publication, but one can be quite sure that Mr. Robb is confident that with the increase of detail and the larger receiving instruments his audience of 35,000 will rapidly run into hundreds of thousands.

At the moment it is satisfactory that this country definitely leads America and the Continent in television, and that with continuous research work both by the B.B.C. engineers and by the Baird Television Company's experts, we are not likely to lose our world mastery of this new entertainment.

IN A NEW MEDIUM: Bill and Elsa Newell giving a television performance at Broadcasting House. Experimental television broadcasts already have an audience of over 35,000

FROM THE PROVINCES

THE TRAINING SHIP *PEKIN*, undergoing an extensive overhaul and reconditioning, preparatory to replacing the *Arethusa*, now grown old in the service of marine education. The refit is being carried out at Rochester

AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE: The Prince of Wales always receives a particularly hearty welcome from the tenants in his own Duchy of Cornwall. Our illustration shows the Prince during a visit to his own farm at Stoke Climsland, where he has a fine herd of pedigree Devon and Aberdeen Angus cattle. He is seen inspecting his prize Devon bull, "Coombes Head Monarch"

UNDER A WILL OF 1717, Mr. Glanville, a clerk to the Treasury, left an annual payment of 40s. and an endowment to five boys (now seven) under 16 years of age. *Above*—The boys at Mr. Glanville's tomb in Wooton Churchyard, Surrey

IN COUNTY WICKLOW: A large gathering of tenantry attended the homecoming at Enniskerry last week of the Hon. Mervyn Patrick Wingfield, heir of Viscount Powerscourt, and his bride after their marriage. *Above*—Members of the tenantry drawing the couple in an open carriage to the castle

THE LORD MAYOR WINS HIS BET: Councillor Seely Whitbey, Lord Mayor of Nottingham, accepted the challenge of Mr. W. Aram, that no councillor would walk Commercial Road, Bulwell, on account of the dreadful condition of the roads. *Above*—Councillor Whitbey receives his winnings

INSPECTION AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD: Lord Stanley, the Parliamentary Secretary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, seen during his two day inspection of ships and naval establishments at Devonport. Lord Stanley, second from the left, walking through the dockyard past the figureheads of old battleships, reminders of a more picturesque age of naval warfare. The figurehead on the left is a relic of the *Topaze*

BELLES OF THE

Lent by the Trustees of the Watt's Gallery, Compton

"THE JERSEY LILY": Watt's magnificent portrait of Mrs. Langtry, most famous beauty of her time, who died two years ago in Monte Carlo

Lent by the Earl of Dudley

A MID-VICTORIAN BEAUTY: The Countess of Dudley by Richard Buckner, a prolific portrait painter of the 'sixties. The portrait has been lent for the exhibition from Himley Hall, Staffordshire

Lent by the Viscountess D'Abernon

"HERMIONE, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER," by Ellis Roberts. Beneath the portrait is a reference to her tragic death at an early age which occurred only eleven years after her marriage. (1864–1895)

Lent by the Earl of Harewood

"EMILY, COUNTESS OF CORK AND ORRERY," by RICHARD BUCKNER

THE Victorian era, its memories fading even for the older generation, must now be said to have come into the perspective that we call history, and with this transformation has dawned a new interest in a period which was as vital as it was colourful. As indicative of this revival of interest Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox has arranged an exhibition of

VICTORIAN ERA

Lent by the Duke of Westminster

"ELIZABETH GROSVENOR," Marchioness of Ormonde, by Sir John Everett Millais, most consistently brilliant of the mid-Victorian portrait painters

Lent by the Duke of Portland

"QUEEN ALEXANDRA," when Princess of Wales, a little known portrait by the Chevalier Louis Desanges, fashionable Society portrait painter and R.A. exhibitor. He lavished great pains on the detail of the dress and shawl

Lent by Frances Evelyn, Countess of Warwick

"THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK," by CAROLUS-DURAN

nineteenth-century beauties at the Knoedler Gallery, Old Bond Street, the work of portrait painters of the Victorian era. We illustrate on this page reproductions of some of the many fine portraits loaned for the exhibition, which is in aid of the War Service Legion

Lent by the Earl of Rosebery

PRACTICAL ABILITY AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER are emphasized in this portrait of Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, the work of Professor Herman G. Herkomer, R.A., in 1887. The picture is noteworthy for its detailed craftsmanship, and for the unusual vitality the artist has conveyed to his canvas

DINNER AT EIGHT: Laura Cowie, who scored such a remarkable success in *Strange Orchestra*, as Carlotta Vance, an actress of yesterday, in *Dinner at Eight*

CAROL GOODNER as "Kitty Packard," product of a Chicago tenement building, and raised to unaccustomed wealth by the "shady" efforts of her unscrupulous husband, in a scene from *Dinner at Eight*

BASIL SYDNEY, who takes the part of a screen actor who has seen better days, refuses a contract because his agent was "sufficiently undignified" as to approach a manager

MARGARET VINES, Tristan Rawson, and Irene Vanbrugh (Millicent Jordan, the distracted hostess of the dinner) in a scene from *Dinner at Eight*

PLAYS

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. C. B. Cochran, having taken Mr. A. P. Herbert and Mr. Oliver Messel a personally - conducted tour through the melodies of Offenbach with interesting results, has now introduced them to Straus — Oscar Straus, with one s, who has nothing whatever to do with the gentlemen who wrote "The Blue Danube" and *Der Rosenkavalier*.

The task tackled by the trio in *Mother of Pearl* at the Gaiety has been simpler. There has been no dead wood to be cleared away. No elderly and hypercritical memories have had to be faced. No one has been able to talk of how much better things were comic-operatically when Hortense Schneider was the toast of Paris.

At the Gaiety there is, indeed, an Hortense Schneider in full bloom in the person of Alice Delysia; indeed, I prophesy a time will come when white-beards will tell their grandchildren of how wonderful London was when Delysia was the reigning queen of its lighter stage.

Few, if any, after seeing this production will grudge Delysia her right to that throne. Her power is her charm and her charm is her power. With it all is her astonishing ability. What a joy is it to see an actress putting all her energy into her work, never slacking, never ceasing to keep faith with her public and her impresario; yet never obviously forcing the pace or showing a sense of effort.

I cannot think of any actress of any nationality who could have done what Delysia did in *Mother of Pearl*. For certain things were against her, the chief of which (on this account, being a woman and a show-woman, too, she probably did not cavil) was that we saw too much of her.

This may seem an ungallant way of meeting the generosity of her performance. But there was hardly a scene in which she did not appear or a moment when she was not singing or acting or just being adorable. This Ruth Drapering in comic opera is a dangerous business, for it may result in an audience becoming bored with the one person they are intended to worship.

It is impossible to be bored with Delysia. Yet it would have been better to have been able to say to oneself, "I wish she would appear more frequently!" than "Here she is again. How *can* she stand the strain?"

There have been better surroundings for a star than *Mother of Pearl*, which sometimes needs all Delysia's magic to pull it into life. The book produces smiles in plenty, but hearty laughs only rarely, and Oscar Straus's music is pleasant rather than infectious.

The story is of a middle-aged actress with a daughter who does not realize who her mother is until the unravelling of many complications, which have involved the temptation and the dismissal of the daughter's young man.

Just as the stage David Garrick cured a love-sick admirer by pretending to be drunk, so did this famous actress kill the youth's affection by showing a group of former lovers. There was no pretence about her past passions.

I cannot join in the protest that it was bad taste to show these elderly swains in the costumes of the eminence to which they had attained in the Law, the Army, the Navy, Politics, etc. But I do think that it is bad theatre to let them merely stand about the stage in Tussaud fashion, occasionally being hustled into an ante-room as the development of the plot demands, like the guests in old Adelphi dramas. Gilbert and Sullivan might have made the group as funny as the peers in *Iolanthe;* they would certainly have given them more interesting work to do. For the parts were played by actors of such standing as Messrs. Hubert Harben, Aubrey Mather, Frederick Ranalow, and others, who had the standing alright, but little else.

"Mother of Pearl" and the Charm of Delysia : "Doctor's Orders" — A Passable Entertainment : Brilliant Second Act in "A Bit of a Test"

A FREAK DINNER PARTY: An outstanding scene from *The Green Bay Tree* at the St. Martin's Theatre. Dulcimer, ever alive to Leonora's rivalry for the affections of Julian, the young man whom he influences with his perverted philosophy, invites them to a freak dinner party at his flat. The young pair sit together at one table, while their host watched them from another

Mr. Richard Dolman made an agreeable hero and Miss Sepha Treble a rather disagreeable young heroine. She has promise and can dance a bit; but she has a peevish manner which was not lessened by the modern slang which she had to apply to anyone who met with her disapproval.

Mr. Reginald Gardiner was also well equipped with slang. He is the facetious young "silly ass" to the life, or, rather, to the P. G. Wodehouse aspect of life. Having a very pleasant personality he can carry it along, and his scene in a restaurant with Delysia was quite the best of the evening.

Although after a dull first act *Doctor's Orders*, which is from the French but does not feel a bit like it, settled down into a passable entertainment, I have a presentiment that the critical company will assemble at the Globe Theatre again before very long.

Unsuitable casting in two important cases is the main fault. Perhaps such a word is not really applicable to the brilliant Miss Yvonne Arnaud in any circumstances, for she has not here to grapple with Lady Macbeth or the Queen in *Hamlet* or with any character resembling them. She has plenty of opportunity for that little squeak and for her amusing air of perturbed indignation.

But it was impossible to suppose this fascinating personification of shrewdness, sense of humour, and (what is much the same thing) sense of proportion, indulging in the form of romance here shown. And that romance, and our belief in it alike, have to exist. Without these qualities *Doctor's Orders* is a poor thing, for it is not funny enough to be accepted as a farce.

Of course Miss Arnaud would never have been bamboozled by a sister and not at all plausible young man to ignore a husband even purse-proud, cigar-puffing, loud-voiced, and generally unattractive Mr. Francis L. Sullivan shows him to be. Still less likely is it that, having been abducted by the young man (who posed as a doctor) and having been held up to ransom with her price fixed at £25,000, she should have openly fallen in love with him.

After all, the husband did bring the £25,000 and with a good grace, and after a midnight motor ride with a mask on. In spite of this his wife is soon ready to set out with the kidnapper again. They had just had a violent row in which revolver shots had been heard and Miss Arnaud had been accused of "double-crossing."

I long for the play in which, for a change, they "single-cross" each other—whatever that may mean.

Mr. Raymond Massey can do many things on the stage and do them well; but he cannot disguise crookishness by an easy manner and compelling charm—traits which are simply not in him and can never be acquired.

To say, with an air of profound originality, that women are unaccountable creatures is beside the point. If a play is to stand or fall by romance, that romance must be of the type in which one can believe

That Miss Arnaud was delicious and full of the best spirit of comedy goes without saying. But both she and Mr. Massey were barking up the wrong tree; or, if you prefer it, were the wrong people to bark up the type of tree the author provided.

Mr. Sullivan was unpleasant on slightly Laughtonian lines as the husband. Mr. Sebastian Smith and Mr. Harvey Braban were clever as, respectively, a broken-down schoolmaster and a stolid inspector of police. But perfect "trimmings" are not enough.

Now that cricket has become a matter of International relationships and we are risking the ridicule of the whole world by dragging Downing Street and Cabinet Ministers into the question of body-line bowling, Mr. Ben Travers has some grounds for making the first act of his latest Aldwych farce, *A Bit of a Test*, about as solemn as a meeting of the Privy Council.

Mr. Ralph Lynn was seen with a bat and a monocle and Mr. Robertson Hare was seen without his trousers. Less important members of the team were seen with red and yellow ties.

But the moment we got away from cricket, matters began to improve. There were plenty of really comic complications in Act II, when Mr. Lynn and Mr. Hare, playing for an M.C.C. team, forget all about that and rescue the money of the grandfather of a pretty girl with whom Mr. Lynn had fallen in love. Bushrangers were after it and there was fun and excitement on that lonely ranch fifty miles from Brisbane.

If a third of a farce is amusing it is likely to be a success, particularly if it is acted by a popular company in a theatre which has been wise enough to pursue a settled policy for years.

Miss Mary Brough's task in the preceding farce was much too light; this time she has more to do and does it well. Miss Renée Gadd looked pretty enough to prompt a Sir Galahad campaign against any number of bushrangers.

THE CHOICE: Dulcimer (Frank Vosper) persuades Julian (Hugh Williams) to give up the struggle to earn his living and return to the ease and luxury of his flat

CATHERINE LACEY as Leonora Yale discovers that the man she loves has no real love for her. Julian has decided to return to Dulcimer, his æsthetic and dubious protector

HERBERT LOMAS as Mr. Owen, Julian's real father, pleads with Dulcimer to release Julian from his harmful influence, and finally takes vengeance with his own hands. A scene from the last act of *The Green Bay Tree*

PRINCE METTERNICH, who guided Imperial Austria through the troublous years of the Napoleonic wars, and saw her survive. Mr. Cecil Roberts reviews Mr. Algernon Cecil's biography of the great statesman on this page

BOOKS By CECIL ROBERTS

"Metternich"—Whitewashing the Villain: Semi-articulate Mr. Faulkner: A Modern Russian Novel

Our biographers are now turning their attention to the outstanding political and social figures of the opening of the nineteenth century. We have had Mr. Duff Cooper's memorable biography of Talleyrand, with a revaluation of the character of that statesman. There have been biographies of the little King of Rome, and of his mother, the Empress Marie Louise. Now, to join that gallery, comes Mr. Algernon Cecil's *Metternich* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 9s.). It is a serious, solid piece of work. It definitely champions Metternich, and the tone of the whole book is declared in the dedication—"The offering of a reviving Tory to a surviving Whig." Mr. Cecil is out to discredit democracy, and finds in Metternich and his policy a strong argument. It is a pity that a work of scholarship and patience should be marred by a style that is a severe trial to the reader and by the constant obtrusion of footnotes that break the interest.

Mr. Cecil is addicted to interminable and involved sentences. There is one on p. 31 which is twenty-one lines long. It happens to contain the finest assessment of Napoleon that I have ever read. There are sheets of prose unparagraphed, which present a formidable block to the reader's eye. But, more serious, Mr. Cecil has an irritating habit of making untimely similes. He does not preserve the time sense and he draws upon facts and figures which have no real relation to his subject. Thus we are told that William III of Prussia's ministers reflected "the instability of his mind, and on much the same principle as actuated certain Scottish Houses in the days of the Pretenders. . . ." Why drag in the Pretenders? Again, speaking of the Duc de Richelieu, we are told "A Minister of Anglo-Austrian sympathies, rationally reached, had in fact been exchanged for a Minister, alike in honesty, patriotism, and pipe-smoking propensities curiously suggestive of a French Mr. Baldwin." What is Mr. Baldwin doing in this *galère?* And can there be such a thing as a French Mr. Baldwin? If he were French would he be Mr. Baldwin at all? And why must Mr. Cecil obtrude his own personal estimate of Mr. Baldwin, whose pipe-smoking propensities are wholly a publicity phase?

Defects of this kind, and similar errors of taste, destroy the force and honesty of this biography. Mr. Cecil is prejudiced, of course, in Metternich's favour. In other hands he might well have been described as the villain of the piece. This understood, it is a vivid and crowded canvas that Mr. Cecil draws with considerable knowledge. Metternich offers great scope to a biographer. Napoleon had thrown Europe into the melting-pot, and Austria's Minister saw the Empire survive the wreck, if not enhanced in prestige and territory, then at least consolidated.

The amazing story of Napoleon's request for the hand of Marie Louise is well told by the author. It seems Napoleon first made the suggestion to Metternich's wife. He had been angling for a Russian Grand Duchess and, scenting failure, was quick to recover himself with a proposal that amounted to an ultimatum. Metternich was behind that ill-starred marriage. It was he who, after the wedding ceremony, went to a window in the Louvre and, anticipating history, raised his glass to the crowd below, giving them the toast of "The King of Rome."

At a time when the theory of democracy is undergoing a severe trial Mr. Cecil's exposition of Metternich's estimate is singularly apposite. He believed "that it was the most complicated form of government, involving *un tour-de-force perpétuel*, that as a system it wore out fast, and that, whatever the end might be, it contained at least no promise of peaceful, mature old age. It was in fact, to his eye, a decomposing force, impatient and incapable of that united effort of a society towards a higher standard of civilization to which monarchy pre-eminently ministered."

In a footnote, Mr. Cecil calls forth the late Lord Balfour in support of this view. He asserts that the dispositions exemplified in the taunt about "the ramshackle Empire" were not those of Lord Balfour. The break-up of the Habsburg Empire was a policy, he declares, forced on him by circumstances. "I distinctly recall hearing him say he would like to keep the old Austria as far as possible." It is obvious that Mr. Cecil is determined to learn nothing from the causes of the last War.

There are moments when Mr. Cecil writes brilliantly, and then he descends into a fog of words. Here is one of his best passages, although the whole treatment of the Vienna Congress is excellent:

"Like some gorgeous butterfly that has lain concealed through a spell of foul weather, the Prince de Ligne, a man of the Old Order both born and bred, fluttered back into the diplomatic champaign and enjoyed a St. Luke's summer." This is a good book which might have been an excellent book with a simpler style and a less biased viewpoint. Even so, it will take an honoured place in the growing gallery of statesmen called forth by the Napoleonic era and the chaos into which the Corsican threw Europe. As Mr. Cecil points out, the position of society and the problems it had to face then are not dissimilar from our own. But the centre of influence has changed. It has moved from Courts to Parliaments.

In this age of sophistication I have noticed there is much credit to be gained from a crude performance. Just as some of our artists are at great pains to draw out of line, and demonstrate that they can deliberately ignore perspective, so in modern literature we have writers who seem to pride themselves upon being illiterate. I can vividly remember the acclamation that followed the success of Mr. James Joyce in writing like the village idiot. Grave critics exhausted their adjectives in praising the obscure passages, and particularly the pornographic ones not so obscure. We were informed that here at last was English prose in its full glory.

Since then the glory has faded somewhat, though the banned edition of Mr. Joyce's masterpiece is displayed in the windows of those Paris bookshops which specialize in the taste that Englishmen are supposed to indulge whenever they go abroad. The excitement of smuggling these censored editions into England seems to give more pleasure than their contents, judging from the uncut pages of the displayed trophies.

MR. V. C. BUCKLEY, whose book, *With a Passport and Two Eyes*, has just been published by Hutchinson. During the thirty-one years of his life Mr. Buckley has travelled round the world three times

The latest apostle of indigestible English would seem to be Mr. William Faulkner, whose work is now hailed as "significant." "*Light in August* is the finest novel of Mr. Faulkner's that we have been privileged to sponsor in England," announce the publishers. Thus, with bated breath, we are asked to render homage. Certainly the publishers have other opinions, as exalted as their own, concerning Mr. Faulkner. "I can remember no first novel of such magnificent achievement in the last thirty years," said a well-known critic. When one thinks of the authors and books that have emerged in the last thirty years, the list includes Wells, Bennett, Conrad, and Galsworthy, to name a few, that is a daring, if not a reckless statement. And, after reading this first novel, I emphasize the word reckless. Since then, Mr. Faulkner has given us four novels. In all of these I find evidence which raises but one doubt, either he has not yet learned how to write; or, having learned, he deliberately tries to create the illusion that he remains illiterate.

I say this, despite the fact that the late Arnold Bennett said: "He writes, generally, like an angel." If so, the literature of the upper world suggests a torment for the lower. But Bennett, acute-minded, and with his ear to the ground, had one weakness that vitiated his criticism. He was terrified of being thought old-fashioned, and launched panegyrics upon the most preposterous new works of the latest school.

I have read with care—and difficulty—every page of Mr. William Faulkner's new book, *Light in August* (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.). Its theme is commonplace—the adolescence and revolt of a youth in a backwoods family in Alabama. I recall how, in a neighbouring State, so many youths and maidens graduated from the University, and were subsequently proved to be so semi-illiterate that, following an outcry, the authorities ruled that in future 40 per cent. of all students sitting for a degree should be failed. That would teach them!

Light in August reads like a product of one of those unlucky graduates. Page after page is filled with clumsy, ill-digested expressions, tortured sentences, and inappropriate adjectives. We are asked to admire this new "style" and find it significant. It reflects the mind of the backwoodsman, semi-articulate and bemused. Any page will provide a typical specimen of an appalling style. Doubtless I shall be told it is rugged, it has strength, it achieves something that fine writers miss. Are we so sophisticated that, to-day, the novelist must no longer think clearly, write clearly, and present an intelligible history of his characters? Here is a casual specimen. Either this is, or is not, bad writing. Whether it is deliberate, or the result of incompetence, is another matter.

"Now he was in the street, sweating the half dollar, the coin sweating his hand, larger than a cartwheel, feeling. He walked in laughter. He had passed through the door upon it, upon the laughing of the men. It swept and carried him along the street; then it began to flow past him, dying away, letting him to earth, pavement. She did not see him at once, walking swiftly, down-looking, in a dark dress and hat. Again, stopped, she did not even look at him, having already looked at him, all seeing, like when she had set the coffee and the pie on the counter."

Now if that passage were turned in by a schoolboy in the English paper of his examination for the School Certificate, he would receive about fifteen per cent. marks. No examiner would find it significant. He would find it merely incompetent. Mr. Faulkner presents us with 480 pages of this kind of prose, and we are told he is significant. Is it coming to this, that, in an age when hundreds of persons can write well, the significant writer is the one who demonstrates that he cannot or will not write at all? And what significance is given to the insignificant by this pretentious "stylism"! The act of opening a window is no longer the mere act of opening a window.

"She slept in a lean-to room at the back of the house. It had a window which she learned to open and close again in the dark without making a sound, even though there also slept in the lean-to room at first her oldest nephew and then the two oldest and then the three. She had lived there eight years before she opened the window for the first time. She had not opened it a dozen times hardly before she discovered that she should not have opened it at all. She said to herself, 'That's just my luck.'" Altogether a remarkable proceeding.

I like Mr. Joseph Stamper's *The Bote Upon the Watter* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). His trip with seven beautiful maidens upon a voyage through any place and era that suits him is a delicious comedy, narrated with much skill. The encounter with the Greeks and the Armada, with the frantic Noah family, makes this story an imaginative *tour-de-force*, and the book deserves to succeed as a high-spirited adventure in fiction.

(Continued on a later page)

BOOKS TO READ

A MAN MUST FIGHT, by Gene Tunney (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net). A remarkable study of the boxing ring, told by one who has experienced it from the inside and has the mental dispassion to assess it from the outside.

ONE FINE DAY I WAS WALKING ALONG, by Margot Robert Adamson (Dent. 6s. net). A travel book that is different; jewelled with verse, fragrant with sense of beauty. With an introduction by Mary Agnes Hamilton.

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND, by A. G. Macdonell (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net). A good-humoured but none the less penetrating study of our national psychology gleaned from fields as various as a golf-links and Geneva. (Recommended by the Book Society.)

A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI, by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net). In the literal sense of an overworked word, a unique book. Christopher Morley describes it as lovely; he is absolutely right.

THE WAITING CITY—PARIS, 1782-88. An abridgement of Louis-Sebastien Mercier's *Le Tableau de Paris*, translated and with notes by Helen Simpson (Harrap. 12s. 6d. net). A fascinating revelation of the years before Revolution blazed up. Reading this to-day gives one a new view-point on the problems of the hour.

NOBODY STARVES, by Catherine Brody (Collins. 7s. 6d. net). A vivid study of slump as it has hit America; showing the collapse of that incredible machine that ran on hire-purchase lines with credit for steam.

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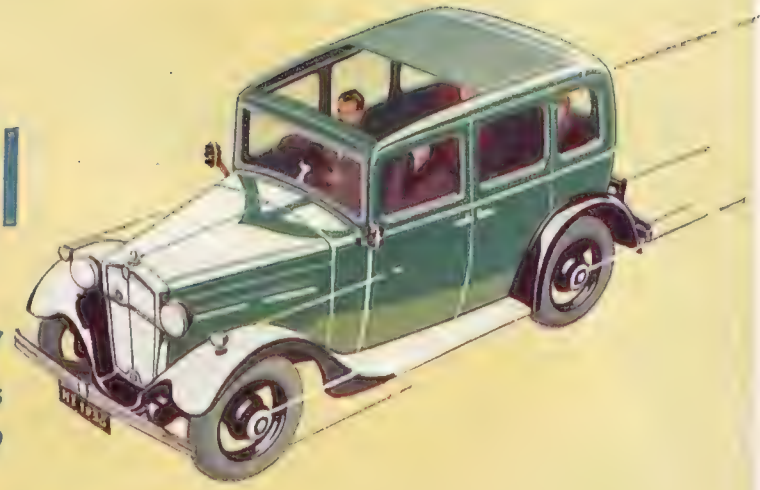

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MORRIS

SNOW BOUND ATHENS: The Acropolis, Athens, under a light mantle of snow. During the past few days Southern Greece has enjoyed a spell of real winter weather, patches of gleaming snow adding a charm to the temples of the historic rock

ON THE FROZEN RHINE: A Dutch steamer with a cargo valued at over 2,000,000 marks, trapped in the ice-bound Rhine during the recent spell of cold weather

THE FINNISH ICE-BREAKER *FADKARTEN* opens a channel in the frozen Gulf of Finland

EUROPE UNDER ICE AND SNOW

During the past week parts of Europe from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean have been in the grip of unusually severe weather. Greece, and the temperate islands of the Ægean, have experienced something of the force of a snowy Northern winter

Newly Discovered Johnsoniana

Mrs. Thrale's Diary of her Journey to France

Any discovery of new facts relating to the life of that somewhat pompous but virile personality Dr. Johnson must naturally cause a stir in the literary world, and revive interest in the man whose activities were so faithfully, and with such sychophantic delight, recorded by his friend and biographer, James Boswell.

Until about a year ago nothing was known of Mrs. Thrale's account of Dr. Johnson's journey to France in 1775, which he made in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale and their eldest daughter. Indeed, the existence was not even suspected of that small, leather-covered note-book in which from day to day she recorded so illuminatingly the incidents of the tour.

This invaluable piece of Johnsoniana was found amidst a large collection of letters, papers, and other note-books which at the death of Mrs. Piozzi passed into the possession of her adopted son, Sir John Salusbury Piozzi Salusbury. Later these were inherited by Sir John's great-granddaughter, Mrs. R. V. Colman, from whom they were acquired by the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

MRS. THRALE'S DIARY: The front cover of the leather note-book in which Mrs. Thrale wrote her account of Dr. Johnson's journey to France

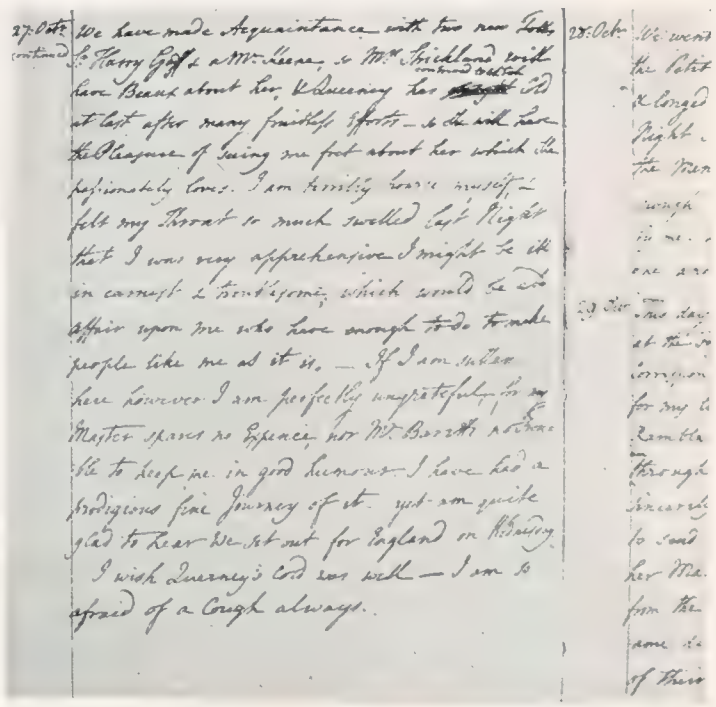
This remarkable journal has now been reproduced by the library almost verbatim as Mrs. Thrale left it, and is now available to the public in book form. (The Manchester University Press, 15s.) The work of editing the manuscript has been carried out by Mr. Moses Tyson, M.A., Ph.D., and Mr. Henry Guppy, M.A., Litt.D., librarian, while further interest has been lent to the volume by the reproduction of both Dr. Johnson's and Mrs. Piozzi's French journals. The illustrations on this page show a facsimile from the diary and the front cover of the small leather-covered note-book in which it was written.

The facsimile reads as follows:—

27 Octr—To-day we have made Acquaintance with two new Folks, Sr Harry Goff & a Mr Keene, so Mrs Strickland will have Beaux about her, & Queeney has [contrived to catch] Cold at last after many fruitless Efforts—so She will have the Pleasure of seeing me fret about her which She passionately loves. I am terribly hoarse myself, & felt my Throat so much swelled last Night that I was very apprehensive I might be ill in earnest & troublesome; which would be a bad Affair upon me who have enough to do to make people like me as it is.—If I am sullen here however I am perfectly ungrateful; for my Master spares no Expence, nor Mr Baretti no Trouble to keep me in good humour. I have had a prodigious fine Journey of it—yet am quite glad to hear we set out for England on Wednesday. I wish Queeney's Cold was well—I am so afraid of a Cough always.

28 Octr—We went nowhere to day but to the Great Toy Shop called the Petit Dunkerque; I bought a Trinket or two, & longed for a Snuffbox of exquisite beauty. At Night Stricky took one Coach & paid Visits while the Men went to the Play—I was not well enough to venture so Mr Johnson sat at home by me, & we criticized & talked & were happy in one another—he in huffing me, & I in being huff'd.

29 Octr—This day I took final leave of my amiable Nuns at the Fossée. Miss Canning promised me her Correspondence, & thanked me a thousand Times for my little present of Books—I had sent her the Rambler—& Mrs Fermor the Rasselas; I kissed ['em] through the Wicket, and wished them most sincerely well.



A HUMAN DOCUMENT: A facsimile page from Mrs. Thrale's Diary in which she refers with apprehension to her throat trouble. "Even without being ill," she says somewhat pathetically, "I have enough to do to make people like me"

WESTERN ART ON AN EASTERN ARTIST: The higher Oriental appreciates to the full the European's flair for the sensitive art of dress designing, but few possess the super-art of Anna May Wong, the brilliant Chinese screen and stage star, who is seen setting off to magnificent advantage an evening dress of taffet chiné with gold lamé

WAXING BEAUTIFUL: Paris, ever restless to initiate a new vogue in hair-dressing, has been advocating the extraordinary wax treatment which suits so charmingly the perfect features of Mme Darsenne, the Paris Society leader, and wife of one of France's most famous novelists

The WORLD of FAS

IN GRECIAN STYLE: This afternoon dress of silver lamé, modelled on the severely simple Spartan style of over 2,000 years ago, typifies some of the new creations of Paul Poiret

IN NATURAL STRAW: With the opening of the Paris Spring dress shows, checks and plaids were much in evidence even on hats. They are clearly destined to be the outstanding feature of the season. This latest Spring model in natural straw, a favourite tone, trimmed with Scottish ribbon, typifies the coming modes

HION in 1933

E[N] WRAPPING THE NECK: A charming but unusual evening gown carried out in delicate shades of yellow and citron

THIS SPANISH COSTUME of black net is the design of Miss Gerda Gottstein, a prize pupil of Vienna Art School

For the Lengthening Days

Now that the Paris dress shows have brought Spring fashions to the fore, it is essential that we remember that clothes that are bought now must form the foundation of the Spring wardrobe. They must not be regarded merely as extras for the remaining Winter months, particularly if these somewhat depressed times compel us to be of an economical turn of mind. In planning Spring purchases it is wiser to forget the successful modes of the past season and to concentrate on the new tendencies. This year, for instance, the designers are going all out for plaids, particularly in shades of blue. They even appear on the latest models in evening dresses and beach suits. The foreshadowed increased length of skirt is indicated in the gown shown immediately above

SHE UNDERSTANDS THE MODE: It is a matter of no difficulty to see from this picture how Mlle Marie Vitrolles understands clothes and how to wear them. She was a prize winner in a fashion competition organized recently by a Swiss weekly journal, being the only competitor to assign the correct dates to a series of period costumes

IN LACE AND ERMINE: Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, married recently to Prince Gustav Adolf, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is here seen in a portrait just released

ROUND LONDON

FOR THE BLIND: Bargains in hats and clothes were sold by three young Society hostesses, Lady Brecknock, Lady Harcourt, and Mrs. Cunningham Reid, at a sale last week in aid of the Great London Fund for the Blind at 36, Grosvenor Street. Above, left to right, Miss Rose Bingham, Lady Brecknock and Lady Fiona Fuller

AN ORATORY CHRISTENING: The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd was christened at Brompton Oratory last week. Owing to illness Mrs. de Gooreynd was unable to attend. Our illustration shows Baroness de Stoekle, Mr. de Gooreynd, Miss Jan Ricardo, and Captain Allen Graham after the christening

A HUNT BALL IN THE STRAND: Sir Augustus FitzGeorge, Miss Luba Hicks, Colonel Cuthbertson, and Mrs. Eric Norris were prominent guests at last week's Hunt Ball at Romano's held in aid of the Royal Veterinary College

SIR RONALD LINDSAY, British Ambassador to Washington, arrives at Downing Street to report to the Cabinet the result of his War Debt conversations

A MAGISTRATE MOVES ON: Mr. Boyd, who has been magistrate at Westminster since 1916, has now been appointed to Marlborough Street, where he succeeds Mr. Dummett

THE PETROL-AGE PICTURED: Mr. John Armstrong, the distinguished modern artist, is seen here in his studio putting the finishing touches to the panels he is carrying out for the new Shell-Mex House on the Embankment

ADMIRING THE SHELL-MEX HEADQUARTERS: A constant stream of visitors has been admiring the architectural beauties and amenities of the new Shell-Mex House, headquarters of the world's most important petrol distributing organization. Our illustration shows a party of visitors viewing the illuminated clock tower

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- Triplex glass throughout, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres.
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Saloon with fixed roof . . **£155**
Open Road Tourer . . . **£148**
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"How do you make that out?"

"Well, my dear, you don't pay twice for an Austin—once when you get it and again while you're running it."

"You mean?"

"Well, an Austin hardly ever goes sick or needs renewals. It's not one of those cars you *go on* paying for—in sort of unofficial instalments. That's why I say you *invest* in it."

"I see—and what about being comfy and easy to drive?"

"Well, you can just lounge in the front seats, and if that's not enough, you can have in most models an arm-rest on each side of you if you are sitting in the rear seats. And do you know what zinc interleaved springs are? They never get stiff—most Austins have them, too. As for steering—why Dolly could drive an Austin, if I'd let her—and she's only twelve."

"Well, you're enthusiastic enough about your investment—you make me feel like going Austin, too."

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms and Service Station for the 7 & 10 h.p. models: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station for the 20, 16, 12 and Light 12/4 h.p. models: Holland Park Hall, W.11

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

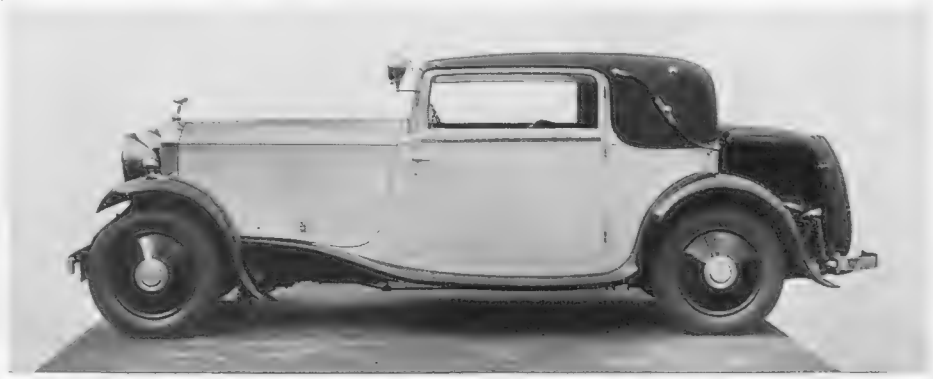
THE B.I.F. BAN.—One of our big daily papers has recently been treating us with thrilling headlines regarding the so-called banning of motor car exhibits at the British Industries Fair. I think I am right in saying that this industry fair is banned by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, but it is not an isolated example, as the members of the Society are allowed to exhibit their goods only at the Annual Motor Exhibition at Olympia and on certain special occasions such as the Scottish show at Glasgow. I think it is only fair to point out that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders are not an outside autocratic body, but is democratically constituted and is, in fact, the industry itself. To an outsider this policy may seem somewhat peculiar, but when we remember that the council of the society includes all the best brains in the motor industry we must, I think, give them credit for knowing what is best for themselves. It is easy to understand that if they allowed manufacturers to show at the Industries Fair or on similar occasions some firms would take space and others who might not think that the expense thus entailed would show a profitable return would, in all probability, be compelled to exhibit merely because others were doing so. In this way an unofficial blessing from the society would definitely lead to financial trouble amongst some firms. On the other hand, if the society were to say "we will sanction the exhibition of cars and accessories by all our members" it would place the organizers of the British Industries Fair in a grave difficulty because such a show could not be suitably housed, owing to its size, in the present building.

I may be wrong, but I imagine that the main idea in organizing the British Industries Fair is to give an opportunity of showing their wares to those trades which are not big enough or sufficiently organized to hold a show of their own.

Probably the ideal arrangement would be to hold the Annual Motor Exhibition at Olympia at the same time as the British Industries Fair, but I am rather afraid that this would not be possible if the Motor Show date had to be altered. The buildings at Olympia have to be booked for years in advance, and the dates of the Motor Shows in other countries have some bearing on the date of our own. Whether the British Industries Fair could be held in October is a question which I cannot answer.

EXIT IN CASE OF FIRE.—I have no wish to be an alarmist, but a friend of mine had quite an exciting time the other day when his car was completely burnt out on the road. It seems that the fire originated in the back trunk over the petrol tank, and as the latter contained 17 gallons the blaze was quite magnificent. The point I wish to raise is that of getting out quickly when any such catastrophe takes place. In his particular car it is none too easy to get out even from the front seats, whereas passengers in the back would have even a more difficult time. Coachbuilders and their designers should consider this point very seriously when deciding on the designs of their bodies. It is so easy to be led away from safety when the main consideration is that of beauty.

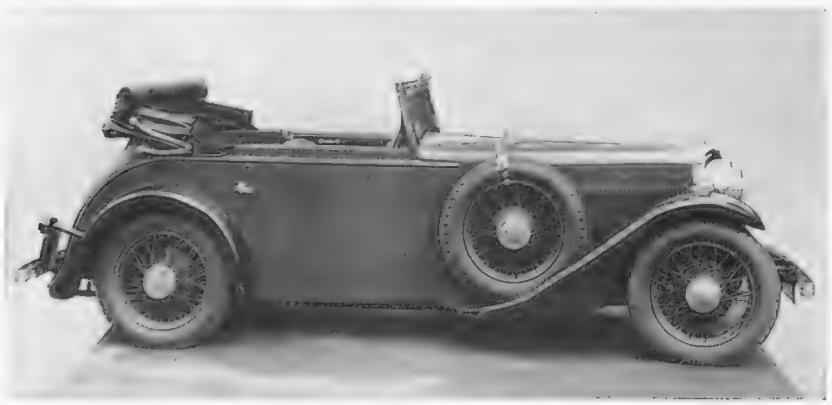
Personally, I would prefer to be alive outside a burning, ugly body than dead inside a beautiful one. Whilst on the subject of coachbuilders I must say I often wonder whether they have progressed with the times to the same degree as other trades connected with motoring. Although I do not believe it, I have been told on many occasions that the mass-produced body is always a better article than that made to order by hand. In my opinion nothing can excel the specially built coachwork made by some of our old-established firms of coachbuilders. Excellent as these can be I feel that in some instances they could be improved. For instance, I wonder if these specially built bodies need be quite so heavy. I know a firm who were horrified when asked to build a body to the designs supplied by a customer. He was told that everything was far too light, and that the body would collapse like a house of cards after a few months on the road. I met him only the other day, and he told me that nothing so dreadful did happen, and that the coachwork is still quite satisfactory after many years of hard work. Take, for example, the ordinary hinge as fitted to a door. On some of the better examples of coachwork these doors are very heavy, yet the pin of the hinge is grotesquely small, and I can truthfully say I have never yet seen any attempt made to provide for its lubrication. I am thankful to say, however, that quite recently some of our well-known coachbuilders have been giving attention to this particular detail, with the result that to-day we see cars from their works fitted with flush-fitting doors where no hinge at all is visible from the outside. The fittings which make this arrangement possible are, of course, of special design, and although I have not examined them, I feel certain that such progressiveness would not be adopted unless the whole idea was properly carried out.



IN CREAM AND BLACK: An attractive 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce Special Foursome Coupé recently supplied to Mr. J. N. Luke of Cheshire, by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd. The body was built by James Young and Co., Ltd., of Bromley, and is painted a beautiful shade of cream. The upholstery is in soft black leather

NEW RACECOURSE RUMOURS.—It is scarcely possible to pick up a daily paper nowadays without reading that some private park is about to be turned into a motor racecourse. Being in control of Brooklands my readers will not be surprised to learn that all these projects interest me immensely, and as far as the Weybridge Track is concerned we would be very pleased to see them in working order provided that our dates do not clash and they do not open a course too close to us. Practically every private park in the country could be laid out with a road course which would meet with the approval of every racing driver in this country. The difficulty, therefore, is not to please the racing man but to make certain that the public will come in such numbers as to make the venture successful financially.

Speaking the other day with a well-known racing-driver, he very rightly remarked that what the public really likes to see are skids and hectic happenings at corners. Unfortunately, the very best drivers are never spectacular when taking bends so that the public or at least that large proportion who are not able to appreciate skilful driving from the scientific side, are miserably disappointed. All this is well borne out by my own experience when I was responsible for running the first car dirt-track meeting ever held in this country. I was then Secretary of the Junior Car Club, and the meeting was held at Greenford. As the afternoon wore on I noticed unmistakable signs that the spectators were becoming restless, and it then dawned on myself and others who were working with me that the trouble was due to the absence of skidding by our competitors, and so we there and then on the spot organized spectacular stunts to prevent the crowd being disappointed.



THE "ACE" OF CARS: The new 1933 A.C. "Ace" Drop Head Close Coupled Coupé seen with the hood rolled back. Generous accommodation is provided for four passengers, the comfort of the occupants of the rear seats having been specially considered

ROAD *v.* RAIL

(Continued from p. 180)

On this question of the railways, the writer of the "Yellow Book" quotes a *Times* leader for January 25, 1841. In lauding the turnpike system against the threatened monopoly of the railways, *The Times* said:

> To enumerate all the advantages of this system would be an endless task. It had the effect of distributing travelling in its natural proportions over the whole surface of the country; of enabling everyone to proceed at all times from one given point to another by the most direct and immediate route.

As far as long-distance travel is concerned, the railways have wiped that argument out. But for short-distance travel the author of the "Yellow Book" maintains that what *The Times* said in 1841 of turnpike travelling remains true of motor transport to-day.

As for "Community Interests," the pamphleteer says in effect, "Give us the roads; we'll make them pay," though he agrees that the suggestion is fantastic.

It is, perhaps, unfair to give quotations of this kind without giving his more solid figures. Unfortunately that is impossible within the scope of this article, though he does make out what looks a reasonable *prima facie* case of reducing the expenditure on the roads to £52,000,000 per annum.

This "Yellow Book" is indeed, as I have implied before, a remarkable publication. It deserves to be a "best-seller." It breathes the true romance of the King's Highway.

It was not, of course, to be supposed that the railways would make no answer to propaganda such as this. And their answer has been complete and, in certain aspects, crushing.

Ten years ago, they point out, 120 railway companies were formed into four groups, since which date the four companies have spent over £200,000,000 on major reconstructions and additions. They have developed their tracks, improved their rolling-stock, brought their engines up to date, and are to-day giving a railroad service which has no equal in the world.

The capital invested in railways totals over £1,100,000,000 and its normal income is over £200,000,000. Revenues are derived not only from the movement of passengers and freight but also from dock working, which provides the essential link between land and sea transport. It has furnished speedier travel, greater comfort, and *an unparalleled ratio of safety*.

In 1931 more than 1,186,000,000 passenger train journeys were taken on the main line railways of Great Britain. The extent to which the increased facilities afforded by way of excursion, week-end, and other reduced fares are utilized, is indicated by the fact that cheap-fare passengers now form over 85 per cent. of the total persons carried, whereas in 1924 the figure was only 68 per cent.

Altogether, 28,000,000 passengers were carried by the railways for period, tourist, week-end, day, and half-day trips. Yet the number of passengers who lost their lives in accidents to trains in 1931 was eight; *less than half the number killed every day on the roads of Great Britain.*

In 1930 only one passenger lost his life in a train accident. This means that the risk of death in train accidents was one in 150,000,000. And that in spite of vastly increased speed.

There have been great experiments in electrification, and there are the questions of allied docks and steamships, catering, and so on.

As for employment, the army of the railways numbers 600,000, and the wages bill is over £100,000,000 per year.

Every year, too, the railways consume over 13,000,000 tons of British coal as locomotive fuel. The production and handling of this coal gives steady employment to 60,000 miners.

These are but a few facts presented by the railways, and it is not surprising that those interested in road transport made haste to reply. They began by issuing a further answer to the Salter Report. After re-stating their own case, they made a bitter attack upon the railways, demanding that: The whole question of road versus rail be removed from a political atmosphere, and dealt with by an unbiased judicial inquiry.

That statement was issued by the British Road Federation—an entirely new and central organization which has been hastily formed within the past few weeks to combat the railways, now that the whole business is approaching the stage of legislation, and the various and vast motoring industries concerned feel that their interests are not sufficiently protected in the House of Commons.

The British Road Federation, to employ its own words, has been formed in order to "develop a more constructive form of progressive transport policy in the interests of the community as a whole." Its original members consist of: the Omnibus Owners' Association, the Road Haulage Association, the Petroleum Distributors' Committee, the Commercial Motor Users' Association, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

There are those who claim that the capital invested in the motor industry is double that invested in the railways. That has yet to be proved. The fact remains that this is going to be a battle of giants. The Salter Committee rendered the findings of the Transport Commission practically a dead letter. The suavities of the Salter Commission are fast disappearing. The battle can only be finally fought out on the floor of the House of Commons, and it will be the duty of the House of Commons, as Mr. Winston Churchill has pointed out, to hold the balance even between road and rail.

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"I can pick out an engine with equal capacity which shall perchance give you greater road-speed. I can name a make where the silence of a twin top indirect gear shall perhaps be outstandingly good. And the theoretical even torque claims of 8, 12 or 16 cylinders must also be accorded their place in the ladder of automobile perfection. But when we come, as common-sense dictates we must come, in our *search for the world's best,* to the consideration of the car as a whole—engine, gearbox, braking, steering, suspension, silence, acceleration, longevity and so on—then argument ceases to obtain. *The Rolls-Royce has it every time*—and of that there is no possible doubt, no possible doubt whatever."

Capt. E. de Normanville, 'Sunday News'

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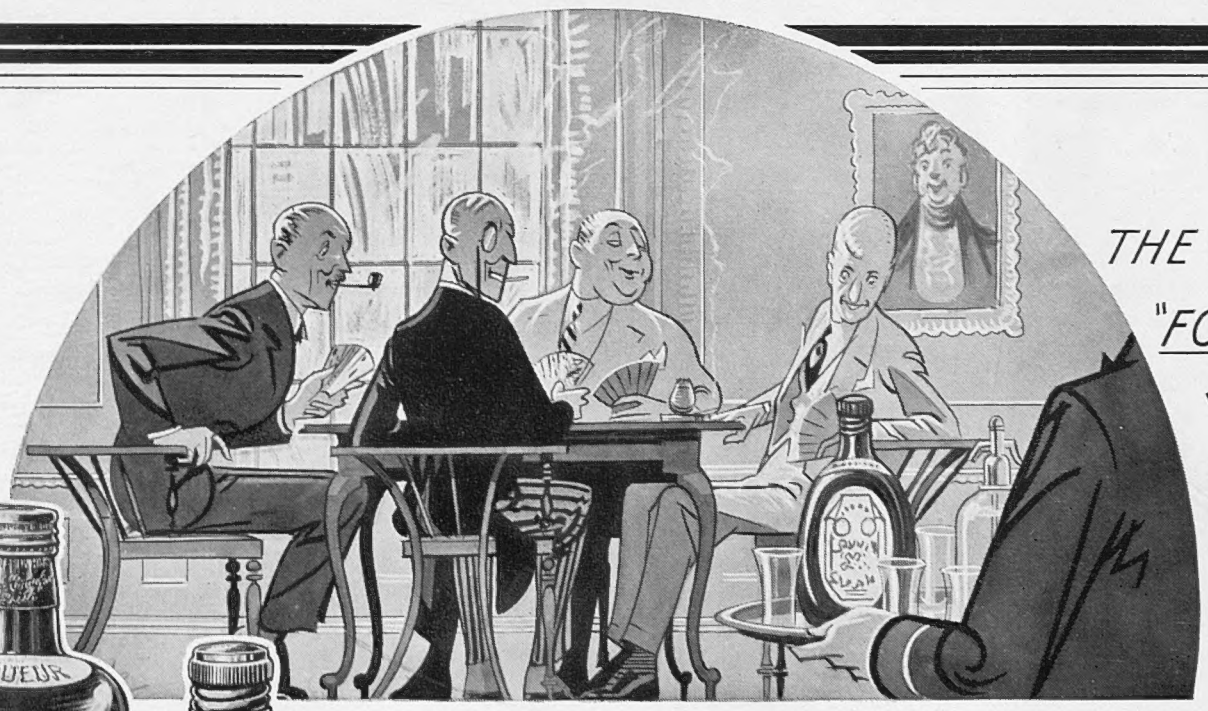

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SPECIAL RESERVE
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BOOKS (*Continued from p.* 200)

Is Mr. R. J. White a schoolmaster? There are moments when I think he has spent much time observing the young animal. In *Dinner at Night* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), he again, as in *The Road to the City*, reveals his familiarity with a period, this time the late Victorian. He has given us in this book the story of a youth in a small cathedral town, his material and spiritual progress from a mean street into the respectability of villadom. It is a story rich in observation, never far removed from the emotions of the heart, and altogether a moving and sincere study of commonplace life. It is at the same time a very detailed portrait of the life of a generation ago.

Mr. Julian Green's new book, *The Strange River* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), suffers from his usual obsession with depressed people. Here he studies the temperament of a coward, a man to whom dreadful things are always going to happen because of his capacity for torturing himself. Philip lives in Paris, in sight and sound of the Seine. He contrives to make a walk home by its banks an excursion in terror. Nothing ever really happens in the book. There were times when I wanted to kick Philip. He loved exposing his nerves, and could turn the movement of a mouse into an earthquake.

One of the strongest criticisms of the Bolshevik regime in Russia is that it has failed to produce a single notable work of literature, art, or music which is directly attributable to Communistic inspiration. *Chocolate*, by A. Tarasov-Rodionov (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is a novel by a modern Russian author, and it comes to us from the Soviet. It is formless, and has no kind of power or originality. It is the story of a Cheka commissar whose wife accepts a present of chocolate from a ballet-dancer whom he has reprieved after a death sentence for counter-revolutionary activity. This Zudin is zealous and honest but he falls a prey to the jealousy of his colleagues, is tried by them with a mixed spirit of ferocity and friendliness, and condemned to death. The story certainly is not flattering to the Soviet regime, and is honestly told, but it has no distinction.

Driven Death, by Nigel Orde-Powlett (Benn. 7s. 6d.), starts dramatically in a Russian prison camp in the North. An English prisoner escapes and has with him, unwillingly, another Englishman who attaches himself. This man, Beale, strikes down his colleague and robs him. The long arm of vengeance reaches the treacherous companion on a Yorkshire moor. This is a capital detective story, but the author has quite unnecessarily handicapped himself by telling the story in the form of letters. It takes away from the reality of the story, which is most ingeniously worked out.

GOLD (*Continued from p.* 182)

In England, when we returned to gold in 1925, we announced that the pound would be worth a sovereign in gold, although its purchasing power at home compared with that of the dollar was only about 18s. It was hoped that prices would adjust themselves to a world level, but under the prevailing artificial conditions this did not occur. Our exporters were handicapped as, owing to the artificial appreciation of the pound in terms of foreign currencies, their goods were likewise dearer to the foreigner.

For six years we struggled on; but in 1931, when foreigners—unduly alarmed at the economic position of our country and fearful for the stability of our currency—withdrew over £200,000,000 of their funds from London in two months, we found it impossible to keep the course and the gold standard was abandoned on September 21, 1931.

Our action in abandoning the gold standard was hailed with approval in many quarters at home and abroad. Our example was followed by many other countries, and to-day the gold standard is suspended—either actually or effectively—in forty-five countries.

In spite of everything, however, gold remains all powerful. From time to time there occur rumours of uncertainty regarding the franc, the dollar, or some other currency, and then gold is taken from the country concerned. Nations still have more faith in gold than in any currency, however sound it may appear.

England left the gold standard, but only when she was forced. To-day our financiers and statesmen are still thinking in terms of gold.

In December we had £139,000,000 in gold in the Bank of England, and a due bill of £19,600,000 from America. It would appear that nothing could be better than to pay the debt by shipping the amount in our gold—now dethroned, dishonoured, and unwanted.

Nothing of the kind! The payment was indeed finally made in gold, but only after much deliberation and with great heartburning. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has since announced that it will not be possible to make further payments in specie, such great importance does he attach to our maintaining a reserve. Only last month the Bank of England purchased a further £6,600,000 of the despised metal, while it is understood that the mysterious Exchange Equalisation Account—that secret fund of £175,000,000 established last year to control our Exchange movements—has been used to purchase even further stocks!

No! Gold has lost none of its ancient power. Gold is still our master.

R. J.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It is hoped that H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who is President of the Society, will be present at the official inauguration of the New *Arethusa* Training Ship, and also present the prizes. An earnest appeal is made for donations towards the necessary amount of £40,000 for cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

'Flu time is Benger time

Influenza always upsets the digestive system, therefore ordinary food is unsuitable and unpalatable.

The need is urgent for a highly nourishing yet most easily digested food. This need is well met in Benger's Food and its use is specially advised by the Medical Profession. Benger's Food soothes the internal distress and is fully nourishing.

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It is because of this partial digestion that Benger's Food is able to give nourishment to Influenza and other patients at the very time when illness has weakened the digestive system.

HOW TO TELL INFLUENZA.

Amongst the marked symptoms are chilliness (cold shivers), general pains, sneezing nasal catarrh, sore throat, rise of temperature, *sudden onset and great prostration.* The disease assumes various forms and may leave serious complications. *It should always be regarded seriously and medical advice obtained.*

The general treatment is isolation and absolute rest in bed. Good nursing and careful feeding. Patient should be well nourished, mainly with nutritious liquid food.

The "PRACTITIONER" says:

"In Influenza the diet should consist mainly of milk, Benger's Food, and Calf's Foot Jelly."

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THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Do.	"Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Anglesey	Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do.	Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent	The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Do.	Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset	Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis	Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do.	Gresham Hotel
Do.	Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Branksome Dene Hotel
Do.	Boscombe Dene
Do.	Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do.	Carlton Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	Hotel Walmer
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Mandurah Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Paignton Hydro
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
St. Neots	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon)	Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hotel Hennapyn
Do.	Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
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Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
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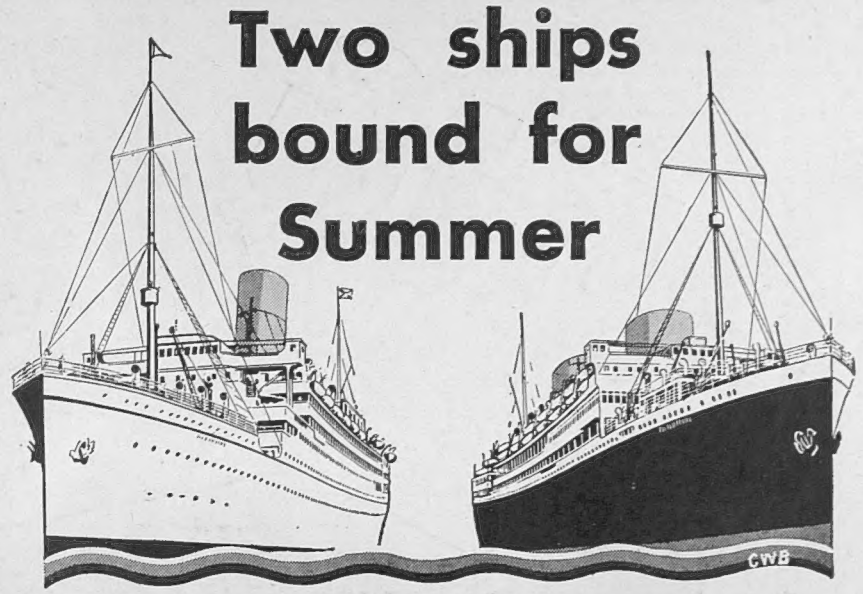

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